

SELECT
REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,
FOR JUNE, 1812.

FROM THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

Lachesis Lapponica, or a Tour in Lapland, now first published from the Original Manuscript Journal of the celebrated Linnæus; by James Edward Smith, M. D. F. R. S. &c. President of the Linnæan Society. In two Volumes, 8vo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* boards. White and Cochrane. 1811.

EVER since the Linnæan collection arrived in this country, this very curious journal, composed during the author's travels in Lapland, and frequently cited in many of his works, had been eagerly expected by British naturalists to make its appearance in an English dress. From various causes, however, such expectations were frustrated, till, as we are informed by Dr. Smith, 'Mr. Charles Troilus, a young gentleman in the mercantile line, resident in London, undertook the task of translating it.' The manuscript having been written in Swedish, was the only bar to its publication at an earlier period,—since, of all Linnæus's undertakings, this journey seems, for some time, to have been the most talked of. The work was considered as so valuable in Sweden, that some have said if every other part of the collection had gone out of the country, this precious relic of their celebrated naturalist ought at any rate to have been retained. 'The remark, however,' says Dr. Smith, 'was not made till long after the manuscript, with all the treasures which accompanied it, had escaped, by land and by sea, the pursuit instituted by the Swedish monarch to recover them, and had reached England in safety.'

The reader would be greatly disappointed if he should expect to find a regular and systematic description of the unfrequented region which our author traversed with such enthusiastic delight. 'The composition,' as the editor properly remarks, 'is entirely

artless and unaffected, giving a most amiable idea of the writer's mind and temper; and it cannot but be considered as highly curious to contemplate in these pages the development of such a mind as that of Linnæus. It is, in short, such a journal as a man would write for his own use, without the slightest thought of its ever being seen by any other person.* The object of the tour, and the equipment of its author for the undertaking, are characteristically expressed in the following passage:

"Having been appointed by the Royal Academy of Sciences to travel through Lapland, for the purpose of investigating the three kingdoms of nature in that country, I prepared my wearing apparel and other necessities for the journey as follows:*

"My clothes consisted of a slight coat of Westgothland linsey-woolsey cloth without folds, lined with red shalloon, having small cuffs and collar of shag: leather breeches; a round wig, a green leather cap, and a pair of half boots. I carried a small leather bag half an ell in length, but somewhat less in breadth, furnished on one side with hooks and eyes, so that it could be opened and shut at pleasure. This bag contained one shirt; two pair of false sleeves; two half-shirts; an inkstand, pen-case, microscope and spying-glass; a gauze cap to protect me occasionally from the gnats; a comb; my journal, and a parcel of paper stitched together for drying plants, both in folio; my manuscript ornithology, *Flora Uplandica*, and *Characteres Generici*. I wore a hanger at my side, and carried a small fowling-piece, as well as an octangular stick, graduated for the purpose of measuring. My pocket book contained a passport from the Governor of Upsal, and a recommendation from the Academy." I set out alone from the city of Upsal, on Friday, May 12, 173, at eleven o'clock, being at that time within half a day of twenty-five years of age."

We shall not detain the reader in traversing the more cultivated provinces of Sweden, Upland, Gestricksland, Kelsingland, Medelpad, Angermanland and Westbothland. We pass over, too, many pleasing and intelligent remarks, in which our traveller derives and communicates instruction from the most common subjects in natural history in a manner almost peculiar to himself, as well as his interesting observations on the domestic economy of Sweden. These occur at every step, but we rather hasten to the immediate object of the tour—his information respecting Lapland.

It is pleasing to contemplate the benevolent and religious feelings which constantly actuated the mind of Linnæus. Wherever he had an opportunity of attending divine service, we find him

* A print, taken from Linnæus in this dress, was published some years ago in London, and may be frequently seen in the possession of his pupils and admirers.

invariably present, and he was particularly anxious to inform himself of the state of religion among the Laplanders. He tells us that

“At Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas, as well as on the four annual festivals by law established, the Laplanders (of the lower or woodland tracts) and the colonists usually attend divine service at church, where they stay till the holidays are over, and are accommodated in huts adjoining the sacred edifice. Those who live at no great distance from a church, attend there every other Sunday, to hear a sermon. On the intermediate Sundays, prayers are read to the members of each family at home.”

Happy would it be for the more civilized part of mankind, if they were more generally influenced by the same zeal and devotion which characterize the simple inhabitants of these northern regions!—The subsequent passage may be taken as an example of Linnæus's *classical* taste in composition :

“Ovid's description of the silver age is still applicable to the native inhabitants of Lapland. Their soil is not wounded by the plough, nor is the iron din of arms to be heard; neither have mankind found their way to the bowels of the earth, nor do they engage in war to define its boundaries. They perpetually change their abode, live in tents, and follow a pastoral life, just like the patriarchs.”

Linnæus's first attempt to enter Lapland was unpropitious. Finding the country intersected by marshes nearly impassable, he sent a native of the country in search of accommodation, and of a guide. The messenger on his return,

“was accompanied by a person whose appearance was such that I did not at first know whether I beheld a man or a woman. I scarcely believe that any poetical description of a fury could come up to the idea which this Lapland fair-one excited. It might well be imagined that she was truly of Stygian origin. Her stature was very diminutive. Her face of the darkest brown from the effects of smoke. Her eyes dark and sparkling. Her eye-brows black. Her pitchy-coloured hair hung loose about her head, and on it she wore a flat red cap. She had a gray petticoat; and from her neck, which resembled the skin of a frog, were suspended a pair of large loose breasts of the same brown complexion, but encompassed by way of ornament, with brass rings. Around her waist she wore a girdle, and on her feet a pair of half boots. Her first aspect struck me with dread; but though a fury in appearance, she addressed me with mingled pity and reserve in the following terms. “O thou poor man! what hard destiny can have brought thee hither, to a place never visited by any one before? This is the first time I ever beheld a stranger. Thou miserable creature! how didst thou come, and whither wilt thou go? Dost thou not perceive what houses and habitations we have, and with how much difficulty we go to

church?" I entreated her to point out some way, by which I might continue my journey in any direction, so as not to be forced the way I came. "Nay man," said she, "thou hast only to go the same way back again; for the river overflows so much, it is not possible for thee to proceed further in this direction. From us thou hast no assistance to expect in the prosecution of thy journey, as my husband, who might have helped thee, is ill. Thou mayst inquire for our next neighbour, who lives about a mile off, and perhaps if thou shouldst meet with him, he may give thee some assistance, but I really believe it will scarcely be in his power." I inquired how far it was to Sorsele. "That we do not know," replied she, "but in the present state of the roads it is about seven days journey from hence, as my husband has told me."

"My health and strength being by this time materially impaired, by wading through such an extent of marshes, laden with my apparel and luggage, for the Laplander had enough to do to carry the boat; by walking for whole nights together; by not having for a long time tasted any boiled meat: by drinking a great quantity of water, as nothing else was to be had; and by eating nothing but fish, unsalted and crawling with vermin, I must have perished but for a piece of dried and salted reindeer's flesh, given me by my kind hostess the clergyman's wife at Lycksele. This food, however, without bread, proved unwholesome and indigestible. How I longed once more to meet with people who fed on spoon meat! I inquired of this woman whether she could give me any thing to eat. She replied, "nothing but fish."—I looked at the fresh fish, as it was called, but perceiving its mouth to be full of maggots, I had no appetite to touch it: but though it thus abated my hunger, it did not recruit my strength. I asked if I could have any reindeer's tongues, which are commonly dried for sale, and served up even at the tables of the great; but was answered in the negative. "Have you no cheese made of reindeer's milk?" said I, "Yes," replied she, "but it is a mile off."—"If it were here, would you allow me to buy some?" "I have no desire," answered the good woman, "that thou shouldst die in my country for want of food."

"On arriving at her hut, I perceived three cheeses lying under a shed without walls, and took the smallest of them, which she, after some consultation, allowed me to purchase. The cap of my hostess, like that of all the Lapland women, was very remarkable. It was made of double red cloth, as is usually the case, of a round flat form. The upper side was flat, a foot broad, and stitched round the edge, where the lining was turned over. At the under side was a hole to receive the head, with a projecting border round it. The lining being loose, the cap covers more or less at the pleasure of the wearer. As to shift, she, like all her countrywomen, was destitute of any such garment. She wore a collar or tippet of the breadth of two fingers, stitched with thread, and bordered next the skin with brass rings. Over this she wore two gray jackets, both alike, which reached to her knees, just like those worn by the men."

Two very curious notices respecting natural history, occur at

Vol. 1. p. 182 and 191, in the former of which Linnæus clearly anticipates the Hedwigian theory of the fructification of mosses, from which his difference to Dillenius subsequently diverted him, and in the latter he seems first to have conceived the idea of his arrangement of quadrupeds, principally founded on the teeth. 'If I knew,' says he, 'how many teeth, and of what peculiar form, as well as how many udders, and where situated, each animal has, I should perhaps be able to contrive a most natural methodical arrangement of quadrupeds.'

The district of Lulea affords many entertaining remarks on natural history, and the description of its ancient church, with its magnificent altar-piece is very amusing. The gilding of this is said to have cost 2408 ducats. There were statues of martyrs with cavities in their heads to hold water, which ran out at the eyes; and other figures whose hands were, at the pleasure of the priest, lifted up in adoration, by means of a cord.

In his approach towards the Lapland Alps, the patience of Linnæus was put to the test by the curate of Jockmock, who held his scientific knowledge very cheap, because he doubted that the clouds were solid bodies, striking the mountains, as they passed, and carrying away stones, trees and cattle. At page 268, is a singular delineation of the aspect of the Alps, of which our traveller first had a full view in his approach to Kromitis; and on the sixth of July, he ascended the snowy mountain of Wallavari.

"When I reached this mountain, says he, I seemed entering on a new world: and when I had ascended it, I scarcely knew whether I was in Asia or Africa, the soil, situation, and every one of the plants being equally strange to me. All the rare plants I had previously met with, and which had from time to time afforded me so much pleasure, were here as in miniature, and new ones in such profusion that I was overcome with astonishment."*

Here he first entered into the society of the mountain Laplanders, and partook of their hospitality. He gives an interesting account of their innocent and simple manners, their quiet peaceable lives, and their truly pastoral habitations. Many particulars also respecting the nature and economy of the reindeer, are highly curious.—Gradually ascending, our traveller arrived on the 11th of July, at more lofty regions of perpetual snow.

"Here the mountain streams began to take their course westward, a sign of our having reached Norwegian Lapland. The delightful

* Of some of these plants Linnæus formed new genera, which he dedicated to the honour of some eminent botanists, and though he afterwards changed the names, these genera have all remained unshaken. What he now called *Jussiaea* was afterwards *Sibbaldia*; his *Dillenia*, *Azalea*; and his *Barnisteca*, *Diapensia*, Rev.

tracts of vegetation which had hitherto been so agreeably interspersed among the Alpine snows, were now no longer to be seen. No charming flowers were here scattered under our feet, the whole country was one dazzling snowy waste.—At length after having travelled about three or four (Swedish) miles, the mountains appeared before us bare of snow, though only sterile rocks, and between them we caught a view of the western ocean. The only bird I had seen in this icy tract was what the Laplanders call *Pago* (*Charadrius Hiaticula*)."

The following picturesque and striking description we cannot withhold from the reader :

" Having thus traversed the Alps, we arrived about noon upon their bold and precipitous limits to the westward. The ample forest spread out beneath us, looked like fine green fields, the loftiest trees appearing no more than herbs of the humblest growth. About these mountains grew the same species of plants I had observed on the other side of the Alps. We now descended into a lower country. It seems, as I write this, that I am still walking down the mountain, so long and steep was the descent, but the Alpine plants no longer made their appearance after we had reached the more humble hills. When we arrived at the plains below, how grateful was the transition from a chill and frozen mountain to a warm balmy valley ! I sat down to regale myself with strawberries. Instead of ice and snow, I was surrounded with vegetation in all its prime. Such tall grass I had never before beheld in any country. Instead of the blustering wind so lately experienced, soft gales wafted around us the grateful scent of flowery clover and various other plants. In the earlier part of my journey, I had for some time experienced a long-continued spring (whose steps I pursued as I ascended the Lapland hills) ; then unremitted winter and eternal snow surrounded me ; summer at length was truly welcome. Oh how most lovely of all is summer !"

Observing the activity of his two Lapland companions, Linnæus is here led to enter into a long disquisition on the causes of activity in the human body, and especially in these people. This is succeeded by an enumeration of the supposed causes of their healthy constitutions ; among which are tranquillity of mind, moderation in eating, and the deficiency of spirituous liquors. Nevertheless these privileged people have, by their intercourse with neighbouring countries, become in some measure corrupted on the last mentioned subject. One purpose of the men who accompanied Linnæus to Torfjorden, was to purchase brandy ; they drank it in the first place as long as they could stand on their legs, and having brought with them a number of dried bladders, these were subsequently all filled with brandy, tied up, and carried away by them.

Our author was induced to spend a few days in examining the

natural productions of this part of Norway, especially about the sea-shore, and met with a congenial spirit in Mr. John Rask, a clergyman settled here, who had 'visited the West Indies and Africa, and had published an account of his voyage, in which various fishes and plants are described in a very interesting style.' The preparation of various kinds of bread in this part of Norway, is next detailed, some of which give us but a miserable idea of the resources of the country. Our author had a narrow escape at this place, to which he often alluded in the subsequent part of his life; having been fired at by a Laplander, while rambling over the hills, in pursuit of his favourite strawberries. The first volume concludes with some entertaining anecdotes of the timidity and superstition of the Laplanders, and of the scarcely less superstitious severity with which they are persecuted, to give up their magical drums and idols, by the Norwegians.

The second volume opens with Linnæus's return over the Alps, comprehending pretty ample notices respecting the tents, and huts, domestic economy, clothing and diseases of the Laplanders, with much information relative to the reindeer. Their amusements form a part of the subject, especially a game called *tabhut*, somewhat resembling chess. The ceremony of a Lapland courtship and marriage is also narrated with much particularity.

On the 23d of July, Linnæus descended from the Alps into Lulean Lapland. From this part of the journal to August the 5th, we find various miscellaneous remarks on natural history, a description of the Lapland sledge, of the mode of tanning among the lowland Laplanders, and some particulars of their agriculture. On arriving at Tornea, the acuteness and scientific skill of our traveller, were exercised to great advantage, in detecting the cause of a most destructive disease among the horned cattle, of which he had heard some tidings at Lulea, as mentioned in Vol. 1. p. 245.—This malady he determined, beyond a doubt, to rise from the animals' feeding on the waterhemlock (*cicuta virosa*) which they crop while under water; for when it rises above the surface they will not touch it.*

In the course of his route homeward, through East Bothland, numerous agricultural and economical remarks occur. Nothing very material is found in the rest of the tour. Passing through Wasa, Christinestadt, and Abo, Linnæus arrived at the ferry which carried him to Aland, from whence he proceeded to the main land, and arrived at Upsal on the 10th of October. He does not forget in closing his remarks piously to ascribe 'to the

* More ample observations than occur in the journal relative to this subject, (one of those, into which Linnæus was commissioned particularly to inquire,) are given by the Editor in a copious note translated from the *Flora Lapponica*.

Maker and Preserver of all things, praise, honour, and glory for ever.'

The Appendix consists of two parts. The first contains a compendious account of the whole journey drawn up by Linnæus himself, to lay before the Academy of Sciences at Upsal: in which, though partly a repetition of what occurs before, many new circumstances appear, and the whole throws great light upon the preceding pages. The second part of this Appendix is particularly valuable; being an extract from Dr. Wahlenberg's 'observations made with a view to determine the height of the Lapland Alps.' This curious fragment, translated from the Swedish, was communicated to the editor by the late Mr. Dryander, and, with an accurate philosophical style of observation, unites much picturesque effect in botanical geography.

Not the least curious part of this book, are the wooden cuts, about sixty in number,—*fac similes* of the rude sketches made with a pen in the original manuscript. They represent either agricultural implements, or similar objects, in the rudest possible style; but several insects, and a few plants, as well as two or three *Medusæ*, are done with more care, and with considerable effect; as *Cicindela sylvatica*, Vol. 1. p. 175; *Tipula rivosæ*, p. 186; *Cerambyx Sutor*, p. 232.

Upon the whole, though these volumes contain a considerable degree of information, conveyed in an artless and engaging manner, yet we cannot but look upon them as giving too slight a sketch of so interesting a tour. Had the author ever revised his manuscript with a view to its meeting the public eye, there would most probably have been no ground for this complaint; but the hasty observations made by any traveller on the spot, simply for his own use, cannot be supposed to possess the advantage of a regularly digested and corrected journal. The observations, though highly curious and important in themselves, are so disjointed, that it is impossible to get a clear idea of the different objects of curiosity which the country presented, in any regular method. Yet as the admirers of Linnæus have long been clamorous for this account of his tour to Lapland, they ought to congratulate themselves upon the publication of it, even though coming forth 'with all its imperfections on its head.' The style of the translation calls for no particular remark; it adheres professedly, as near as possible, to that of the original. A strange mistake occurs, as we conceive, in V. 1. p. 127, where the Laplanders are said to be necessitated occasionally to 'drink warm sea water.' This we presume must mean the water of their lakes, contrasted with that of those cool springs, near which they pitch their tents in summer.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

The Works of James Barry, Esq. Historical Painter; formerly Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, Member of the Clementine Academy at Bologna, &c. containing his Correspondence from France and Italy with Mr. Burke. His Lectures on Painting delivered at the Royal Academy. Observations on different Works of Art in Italy and France. Critical Remarks on the principal Paintings of the Orleans Gallery. Essay on the subject of Pandora, &c. (Now first published from manuscripts, and illustrated by Engravings from Sketches, left by the Author.) And his Inquiry into the Causes which have obstructed the Progress of the fine Arts in England. His Account of the Paintings at the Adelphi; and Letter to the Dilettanti Society. To which is prefixed, some Account of the Life and Writings of the Author. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1228. 5l. 5s. Cadell and Davies. 1809.

THERE are few subjects on which the opinions of artists and connoisseurs have more widely differed, than the merit of Mr. Barry. We know that during his life he filled a considerable space in the temple of living fame, and we have sometimes thought that his works even derived some advantage from a contrast with his personal eccentricities; but since his death, censure has perhaps been too busily employed, and has frequently confounded the oddities of the man with the genius of the artist. The volumes before us, therefore, are highly valuable, as affording that complete evidence which we did not before possess, and which will enable all who have a right to form their decision with strict impartiality. That the decision will, on the whole, be in his favour, we have little hesitation in affirming, while on the other hand we are willing to allow, as clearly proved, that his defects were numerous and conspicuous. If, however, we do not dwell on the latter at much length, it is because in many instances they appear to have arisen from that which ought always to prescribe tenderness and compassion; the irritations of a mind not sufficiently sound.

The life of Mr. Barry in these volumes is formed chiefly from his correspondence, a mode which has lately become common, although we think it may be necessary hereafter to prescribe bounds to it. The biographer, it is true, is hereby relieved from the trouble of *narrative*, but the reader's attention is too much distracted from the principal object, and such works, unless the compilers will take a little more pains, we must consider as materials for a life, rather than the life itself. The outlines of Mr. Barry's history appear to be these:

He was the eldest son of John Barry and Julian Roerden, and was born in Cork, Oct. 11, 1741. His father was a builder, and

in the better part of his life a coasting trader between England and Ireland. James was at first destined to this last business, but as he disliked it, his father suffered him to pursue his inclination, which led him to drawing and reading. His early education he received in the schools at Cork, where he betrayed some symptoms of that peculiar frame of mind which became more conspicuous in his mature years. His studies were desultory, directed by no regular plan, yet he accumulated a considerable stock of knowledge. As his mother was a zealous Roman Catholic, he fell into the company of some priests, who recommended the study of polemical divinity, books, we presume, all on one side, for this ended in his becoming a staunch Roman Catholic.

Although the rude beginnings of his art cannot be traced, there is reason to think, that at the age of seventeen he had attempted oil-painting, and between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two he executed a picture, the subject 'St. Patrick landing on the sea-coast of Cashell,' which he exhibited in Dublin. This procured him some reputation, and, what was afterwards of much importance, the acquaintance of the illustrious Edmund Burke.

During his stay in Dublin, he probably continued to cultivate his art, but no particular work can now be discovered. An anecdote, however, is preserved, which marks the character of the man.

"He had been enticed by his companions several times to carousings at a tavern, and one night as he wandered home from one of these, a thought struck him of the frivolity and viciousness of thus mispending his time: the fault he imagined lay in his money, and therefore without more ado, in order to avoid the morrow's temptation, he threw the whole of his wealth, which perhaps amounted to no great sum, into the Liffey, and locked himself up with his favourite pursuits."

After a residence of seven or eight months in Dublin, an opportunity offered of accompanying some part of Mr. Burke's family to London, which he eagerly embraced. This took place in 1764, and on his arrival Mr. Burke recommended him to his friends, and procured for him his first employment, that of copying, in oil, drawings by the Athenian Stuart. At his early age (twenty-three) we are here presented with letters from him which discover a taste, sentiment, and elegance of style, far superior to what could have been expected from his limited opportunities for observation.

In 1765 Mr. Burke and his other friends furnished him with the means of a trip to Italy, and his letters while there and in France, constitute no small part of the present memoirs. They abound in observations on subjects connected with his art, and particularly in criticisms on the great masters. The value of some

of them to young artists may perhaps be doubted, but the principles which he appears to have laid down in his own mind, as his future guides, mark a quick discrimination, and an early habit of distinguishing styles, and of bringing them to the criterion of nature. In all matters, however, of individual opinion, there is scope for slight shades of difference as well as polemical contests, especially when the objects are not equally visible to the reader and to the traveller, and care must be taken to avoid imbibing opinions at second-hand. Of this he is himself duly sensible. In a letter to Mr. Burke (vol. i. p. 30,) he says,

“I find there is little use to be made of the general remarks and criticisms of those who have written characters of the artists, and brought their merits and defects to a standard and fixed classes: it is liable to so many exceptions, that one is every day in danger of being misled, who lays any weight upon them. Men are not always the same, they are sometimes attentive to one manner, sometimes to another; different subjects, and a number of other things, often make them very different from themselves, &c.”

With these are interspersed letters from his correspondents, Messrs. Edmund, William, and Richard Burke, Sir Horace Mann, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, &c. a few of which might have been omitted as too little interesting in themselves, but those of the Burkes do great honour to their taste and judgment, and especially to their disinterested friendship for Barry.

In a letter to Barret, the artist, Mr. Barry gives the following account of one, since well-known in this country:

“I wanted to give you some account of Lutherbourg, a landscape painter here (Paris) whose pictures I had not seen till just now; and I have put off writing to you merely for that reason. It would have made me very happy to have had you with me, &c. Lutherbourg is a young man about thirty, paints pretty much in the style of Berghem, except that the landscape part is more principal than Berghem's. In my opinion he cuts Vernet down all to nothing, so far as one may compare two people together so different in their walks. Lutherbourg has somewhat more dignity than Berghem, and is in every respect nearly as well in his cattle, figures, and other parts of his pictures.”

But we hasten to a more valuable extract from a letter of Mr. Burke, an admirable specimen of friendship, candour, and taste.

“MR. BURKE TO MR. BARRY.

“MY DEAR BARRY,

London, no date.

“I am greatly in arrear to you on account of correspondence; but not, I assure you, on account of regard, esteem, and most sincere good wishes. My mind followed you to Paris through your Alpine journey, and to Rome; you are an admirable painter with your pen as

well as with your pencil ; and every one to whom I shewed your letters, felt an interest in your little adventures, as well as a satisfaction in your description ; because there is not only a taste, but a feeling in what you observe, something that shews you have an heart ; and I would have you by all means keep it. I thank you for Alexander ; Reynolds sets an high esteem on it, he thinks it admirably drawn, and with great spirit. He had it at his house for some time, and returned it in a very fine frame ; and it at present makes a capital ornament of our little dining-room between the two doors. At Rome you are, I suppose, even still so much agitated by the profusion of fine things on every side of you, that you have hardly had time to sit down to methodical and regular study. When you do, you will certainly select the best parts of the best things, and attach yourself to them wholly. You, whose letter would be the best direction in the world to any other painter, want none yourself from me, who know little of the matter. But, as you were always indulgent enough to bear my humour under the name of advice, you will permit me now, my dear Barry, once more to wish you in the beginning at least, to contract the circle of your studies. The extent and rapidity of your mind carries you to too great a diversity of things, and to the completion of a whole, before you are quite master of the parts, in a degree equal to the dignity of your ideas. This disposition arises from a generous impatience, which is a fault almost characteristic of great genius. But it is a fault nevertheless, and one which I am sure you will correct, when you consider that there is a great deal of mechanic in your profession, in which, however, the distinctive part of the art consists, and without which the first ideas can only make a good critic, not a painter. I confess I am not much desirous of your composing many pieces, for some time at least. Composition (though by some people placed foremost in the list of the ingredients of an art) I do not value near so highly. I know none, who attempts, that does not succeed tolerably in that part : but that exquisite masterly drawing which is the great school where you are, has fallen to the lot of very few, perhaps to none of the present age, in its highest perfection. If I were to indulge a conjecture, I should attribute all that is called greatness of style and manner of drawing, to this exact knowledge of the parts of the human body, of anatomy and perspective. For, by knowing exactly and habitually, without the labour of particular and occasional thinking, what was to be done in every figure they designed, they naturally attained a freedom and spirit of outline ; because they could be daring without being absurd : whereas, ignorance, if it be cautious, is poor and timid ; if bold, it is only blindly presumptuous. This minute and thorough knowledge of anatomy, and practical as well as theoretical perspective, by which I mean to include foreshortening, is all the effect of labour and use in *particular* studies, and not in general compositions. Notwithstanding your natural repugnance to handling of carcasses, you ought to make the knife go with the pencil, and study anatomy in real, and if you can, in frequent dissections. You know that a man who despises as you do, the minutiae of the art, is bound to be quite perfect in the noblest part of all ; or he is nothing. Mediocrity is tolerable in middling things, but

not at all in the great. In the course of the studies I speak of, it would not be amiss to paint portraits often and diligently. This I do not say as wishing you to turn your studies to portrait-painting, quite otherwise; but because many things in the human face will certainly escape you, without some intermixture of that kind of study. Well, I think I have said enough to try your humility on this subject. But I am thus troublesome from a sincere anxiety for your success. I think you a man of honour and of genius, and I would not have your talents lost to yourself, your friends, or your country, by any means. You will then attribute my freedom to my solicitude about you, and my solicitude to my friendship. Be so good to continue your letters and observations as usual. They are exceedingly grateful to us all, and we keep them by us." p. 86.

If this letter shews Mr. Burke's discernment in what was necessary to Barry as an artist, the following will not appear less necessary for his consideration as a man. In both cases, indeed, as well as in the whole of Mr. Burke's correspondence, we must admire his judicious as well as friendly advice, and regret that it was not in all respects followed.

"As to any reports concerning your conduct and behaviour, you may be very sure they could have no kind of influence here; for none of us are of such a make, as to trust to any one's report, for the character of a person, whom we ourselves know. Until very lately, I had never heard of any thing of your proceedings from others: and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself, that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome, without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved these unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance, to a very capital advantage. However you may have succeeded in this uncommon attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly have always the same success, either with regard to your fortune or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here, that you have experienced in Italy; and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effects on your interest; and be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same at London as at Rome; and the same in Paris as in London: for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts: nay, though it would perhaps be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes, a genius of the first rank, lost to the world himself, and his friends, as I certainly must, if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here, totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me. That you have had just subjects of indignation

always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them; but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature, as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard to you, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use, when I see what the inevitable consequences must be, of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out to you beforehand. You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing, and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren, they will shun you. In the mean time gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels: you will fall into distresses, which will only aggravate your disposition for farther quarrels; you will be obliged for maintenance to do any thing for any body; your very talents will depart, for want of hope and encouragement, and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined. Nothing but my real regard for you, could induce me to set these considerations in this light before you. Remember we are born to serve and to adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow-citizens, and that in particular your business is to paint and not to dispute." p. 154.

From other parts of this correspondence, it appears further that 'more of ill will and wrangling passed and repassed between him and others at Rome, than his friends approved of.' For this his biographer makes the following apology:

"Barry was a man who seldom saw with the eyes of others; his views and opinions were peculiar to himself, and as his own, often widely differing from those of ordinary minds. he had an unguarded force of language and manner to maintain them, which, with those who could not cope with him, created enemies; and when enemies once declare themselves, one must be cautious of reports; there is therefore nothing to say on this matter in addition to what the reader has found in the correspondence; who must have been delighted with the elegant and friendly exhortations often thrown out by Mr. Edmund Burke, not so much to curb the irritable and boisterous temper of the young artist, as to sooth and allay it."

After an absence of five years mostly spent at Rome, he arrived in England in 1771, and claimed the admiration of the public, not unsuccessfully, by his 'Venus,' and his 'Jupiter and Juno,' the former one of his best pictures. In his 'Death of Wolf' he failed, principally from his introducing naked figures, and he yielded reluctantly to Mr. West's more popular picture. This which he painted in 1776, was the last he exhibited at the Royal Academy.

About 1774 we find him averse to portrait-painting, from a dread of being confined to the modern costumes of dress, which we can remember were at that time rather ungraceful. It is well known, however, that he violated his own principles in some of the figures introduced in his great work in the Society's rooms, Adelphi, when he was under no kind of constraint; but this difference between judgment and practice was in many instances remarkable in Barry, as we shall have occasion to notice hereafter.

About this time likewise he began to be jealous of the extreme intimacy of the Burkes with Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'which led him to suppose that those friends overlooked his merits to aggrandize Sir Joshua's.' Some letters that passed betwixt him and Mr. Burke on this subject, place his temper in no very pleasing light, and although the Burkes never ceased to serve him when they could, it is evident that the mutual warmth of friendship was abated. The immediate cause of the breach was this: Dr. Brocklesby requested Mr. Burke to sit to Barry for a portrait; Mr. Burke made various applications to the artist for an opportunity during two years, all which Barry shifted off on pretence of business. At length Mr. Burke thought it necessary to apologize for his importunity in a very polite and complimentary letter. Barry, in his answer, mistook, or affected to mistake this for irony, and Mr. Burke rejoined in the following letter.

" TO JAMES BARRY, ESQ.

" SIR,—I have been honoured with a letter from you, written in a style, which from most of my acquaintances I should have thought a little singular. In return to an apology of mine for an unseasonable intrusion, couched in language the most respectful I could employ, you tell me that I attack your quiet and endeavour to make a quarrel with you. You will judge of the propriety of this matter, and of this mode of expression.

" When I took the liberty of offering myself to sit for my picture on Saturday last, I could not possibly mean to offend you. When you declined the offer in the manner in which you declined offers of the same kind several times before, I confess I felt that such importunity on my part, and on such a subject, must make me look rather little in the eyes of others, as it certainly did in my own. The desire of being painted is one of the modes in which vanity sometimes displays itself.

I am however mistaken, if it be one of the fashions of that weakness in me. I thought it necessary, on being dismissed by you so often, to make you at length some apology for the frequent trouble I had given you. I assured you that my desire of sitting solely arose from my wish to comply with the polite and friendly request of Doctor Brocklesby. I thought I should be the more readily excused on that account by you, who, as you are a man informed much more than is common, must know, that some attention to the wishes of our friend even in trifles, is an essential among the duties of friendship; I had too much value for Dr. Brocklesby's to neglect him even in this trivial article. Such was my apology. You find fault with it, and I should certainly ask your pardon, if I were sensible that it did or could convey any thing offensive.

"When I speak in high terms of your merit and your skill in your art, you are pleased to treat my commendation as irony. How justly the warm (though unlearned and ineffectual) testimony I have borne to that merit and that skill upon all occasions, calls for such a reflexion I must submit to your own equity upon a sober consideration. Those who have heard me speak upon that subject have not imagined my tone to be ironical; whatever other blame it may have merited. I have always thought and always spoke of you as a man of uncommon genius, and I am sorry that my expression of this sentiment has not had the good fortune to meet with your approbation. In future, however, I hope you will at least think more favourably of my sincerity; for if my commendation and my censure have not that quality, I am conscious they have nothing else to recommend them.

"In the latter part of your letter you refuse to paint the picture, except upon certain *terms*. These terms you tell me are granted to all other painters. They who are of importance enough to grant terms to gentlemen of your profession may enter into a discussion of their reality or their reasonableness. But I never thought my portrait a business of consequence. It was the shame of appearing to think so by my *importunity* that gave you the trouble of my apology. But that I may not seem to sin without excuse, because with knowledge, I must answer to your charging me, that "I well know that much more is required by others," that you think far too highly of my *knowledge* in this particular. I know no such thing by any experience of my own. I have been painted in my life five times; twice in little, and three times in large. The late Mr. Spencer, and the late Mr. Sisson painted the miniatures. Mr. Worlidge and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted the rest. I assure you upon my honour, I never gave any of these gentlemen any regular previous notice whatsoever.

"They condescended to live with me without ceremony; and they painted me, when my friends desired it, at such times as I casually went to admire their performances, and, just as it mutually suited us. A picture of me is now painting for Mr. Thrale by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and in this manner; and this only. I will not presume to say, that the condescension of some men forms a rule for others. I know that extraordinary civility cannot be claimed as a matter of strict justice. In that view possibly you may be right. It is not for me to dis-

pute with you. I have ever looked up with reverence to merit of all kinds: and have learned to yield submission even to the caprices of men of great parts. I shall certainly obey your commands; and send you a regular notice whenever I am able. I have done so at times; but having been, with great mortification to myself, obliged once or twice to disappoint you, and having been as often disappointed by your engagements, it was to prevent this, that I have offered you (I may freely say) every leisure hour that I have had sure and in my own possession, for near two years past. I think a person possessed of the indulgent weakness of a friend, would have given credit to the *irregularity* of the calls of my little occupations, on my assuring him so frequently of the fact.

"There are expressions in your letter of so very extraordinary a nature, with regard to your being free from any misfortune, that I think it better to pass them over in silence. I do not mean to quarrel with you, Mr. Barry; I do not quarrel with my friends. You say a picture is a miserable subject for it; and you say right. But if any one should have a difference with a painter, some conduct relative to a picture is as probable a matter for it as any other. Your demanding an explanation of a letter, which was itself an explanation, has given you the trouble of this long letter. I am always ready to give an account of my conduct. I am sorry the former account I gave should have offended. If this should not be more successful let the business end there. I could only repeat again my admiration of your talents, my wishes for your success, my sorrow for any misfortune that should befall you, and my shame, if ever so trifling a thing as a business of mine should break in upon any order you have established in an employment to which your parts give a high degree of importance. I am, with the greatest truth and respect, sir,

"Your most obedient,

"And most humble servant,

"EDMUND BURKE."

"*Beaconsfield, July 13, 1774.*"

The consequence of all this was, that the portrait was painted.

We have now some correspondence on a design of decorating St. Paul's Cathedral with the works of our most eminent painters and sculptors. How this scheme failed is well known, as far as painting was concerned. According to the plan then exhibited, Barry was to have been employed with Angelica Kauffman, Cipriani, Dance, Reynolds, and West; his subject was the 'Jews rejecting Christ, when Pilate entreats his release.'

In 1775, he published his 'Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the acquisition of the Arts in England,' in answer to Winckleman. In this treatise, there are some fanciful opinions, but upon the whole it is the best and most dispassionate of the productions of his pen, and a masterly defence of the capabilities of English artists under proper encouragement; and

it affords many just remarks on that state of public taste which is favourable to the perfection of art. Mr. Burke pointed out its principal defects in an able letter addressed to the author, and printed in these memoirs.

After the scheme of decorating St. Paul's had been given up, it was proposed to employ the same artists in decorating the great room of the society of arts, but this was refused by the artists themselves, for reasons not assigned here, but probably the principal objection was, that they were to be remunerated only by an exhibition of the pictures. It is easy to conceive that such a mode would lead to 'delicate perplexities.' Either the artists must have shared alike, or if their shares were to be different, who was to determine? Three years after, however, in 1777, Mr. Barry undertook the whole, and his offer was accepted. It would have been strange indeed if such an offer had been rejected, as his labour was to be gratuitous.

"He has been heard to say, that at the time of his undertaking this work, he had only sixteen shillings in his pocket; and that in the prosecution of his labour he had often, after painting all day, to sketch or engrave at night some design for the printsellers, which was to supply him with the means of his frugal subsistence. He has recorded some of his prints as done at this time, such as his Job, dedicated to Mr. Burke, birth of Venus, Polemon, head of Lord Chatham, king Lear. Many slighter things were done at the pressure of the moment, and perhaps never owned: it would be vain, therefore, to make inquiries after them."

Of his terms we only know that the choice of subjects was allowed him, and the society was to defray the expense of canvas, colours, and models. During his labours, however, he found that he had been somewhat too disinterested, and wrote a letter to Sir George Saville, soliciting such a subscription among the friends of the society as might amount to 100*l.* a-year. He computed that he should finish the whole in two years, and pay back the 200*l.* to the subscribers from an exhibition, but he very candidly added, that if the exhibition should produce nothing, the subscribers would lose their money. This subscription did not take effect, and it is well known the work employed him seven years:

"But," adds his biographer, "he brought it to an end with perfect satisfaction to the members of the society, for whom it was intended; and who conducted themselves towards him throughout with every liberality and gratification within their power to fulfil: they granted him two exhibitions, and at different periods voted him fifty guineas, their gold medal, and again two hundred guineas, and a seat among them."

Of this great undertaking it would be unnecessary to offer a minute criticism. Perhaps we may say with the author of a long anonymous letter printed in this volume, and improperly, we think, attributed to Burke, that

“It surpasses any work which has been executed within these two centuries, and considering the difficulties with which the artist had to struggle, any that is now extant.”

As the production of one man, it is undoubtedly entitled to high praise, but it has all Barry's defects in drawing and colours, defects the more remarkable, because of his correspondence and lectures, his theory on these subjects is accurate and unexceptionable.

“Of the profits arising from the two exhibitions, they are stated at 503*l.* 12*s.* and Lord Romney nobly presented him with a hundred guineas for the portrait which he had copied into one of the pictures, and he had twenty guineas for the head of Mr. Hooper. Perhaps he received other sums for portraits employed in the work, but of this there are no documents to speak from.”

We have already noticed Barry's dislike to portrait-painting, but he certainly departed widely from his own principles when he introduced so many of these pictures. We need only notice the fifth picture, ‘The Distribution of the Premiums,’ in which the principal characters give way to the portraits of some ladies of distinction.

These pictures were afterwards engraven, but what they produced is not known. In 1792, however, he deposited 700*l.* in the funds, ‘and to this wealth he never afterwards made any great addition, for he never possessed more than sixty pounds a-year from the funds, a sum barely sufficient to pay the rent and other charges of his house.’ Those who remember his domestic arrangements will not be surprised that this sum should be sufficient.

In 1782 he was elected professor of painting in room of Mr. Penny, but did not lecture until 1784. His lectures, which are here printed for the first time, are unquestionably among the best of his writings, but the appointment was unfortunate, as we shall have occasion to notice.

He had long meditated an extensive design, that of painting the progress of theology, or ‘to delineate the growth of that state of mind which connects man with his creator, and to represent the misty medium of connexion which the Pagan world had with their false gods, and the union of Jews and Christians with their true God, by means of revelation.’ At the time of his death he was employed on etchings or designs for this purpose, but made

no great progress. We much doubt whether such a subject could have been successfully illustrated by painting, and we recollect that one great defect in his paintings in the society's rooms was that the subjects wanted more explanation than the spectator could discover. With a very high opinion of Barry's talents, we suspect that if he had attempted the progress of theology, he must have often been reduced to the necessity of explaining his meaning.

In the mean time he published his 'Letter to the Dilettanti,' a work which his biographer justly characterizes as 'not quite so tranquil or praiseworthy.' We are not so certain that the academy was to blame for expelling him. It was plain he could not be permitted to lecture any more, and the middle course of permitting him to retain his seat would not have probably been very satisfactory. It ought not to be forgot that his expulsion was sanctioned by the highest authority; but we own we look at the whole transaction with regret.

Soon after this event, the earl of Buchan set on foot a subscription, which amounted to about 1000*l*. with which the committee of Barry's friends judged proper to buy an annuity for his life of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. but his death prevented his reaping any benefit from this design.

"On the evening of Thursday, the 6th of February, 1806, he was seized, as he entered the house where he usually dined, with the cold fit of a pleuritic fever, of so intense a degree, that, according to the information of his friend Mr. Clinch, who found him in this state, all his faculties were suspended; and he himself unable to articulate or move; which probably gave rise to the reports in the public papers that he was seized with a palsy. Some cordial was administered to him, and on his coming a little to himself, he was taken in a coach to the door of his own house, which, the key-hole being plugged with dirt and pebbles, as had been often done before by the malice, or perhaps the roguery of boys in the neighbourhood, it was impossible to open. The night being dark, and he himself shivering under his disease, his friend thought it adviseable to drive away without loss of time to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Bonomi. By the kindness of that good family, a bed was procured in a neighbouring house, to which he was immediately conveyed. Here he desired to be left, and locked himself up, unfortunately, for forty hours, without the least medical assistance. What took place in the mean time, he himself could give but little account of, as he represented himself to be delirious, and only recollected his being tortured with a burning pain in the side, and with difficulty of breathing. In this short time was the death-blow given; which by the prompt and timely aid of copious bleedings, might have been averted; but without this aid, such had been the reaction of the hot fit succeeding the rigors, and the violence of the inflammation on the pleura, that an effusion of lymph had taken place, as appeared afterwards upon dissection. In the afternoon of Saturday the 8th, he rose

and crawled forth to relate his complaint to the writer of this account. He was pale, breathless, and tottering, as he entered the room—with a dull pain in his side, a cough short and incessant, and a pulse quick and feeble. He related that his friend Bonomi had caused an arrangement to be made for receiving him in his house, and stated with great emotion, the satisfaction he expected from the kind attention of Mrs. Bonomi, who would supply him with those necessary aids which sickness required, and of which he must have been deprived, had he been under his own roof—destitute as he was of a servant, and the common conveniences of bed-linen. He was recommended to return immediately to those friends, as being more fit for his bed than for making visits.

“In the situation he was in, succeeding remedies proved of little avail; his danger was obvious; by the advice of his learned friend Dr. Combe, and of the writer of this account, he was once bled, but it afforded him little or no relief. With exacerbations and remissions of fever, symptomatic of effusion, and organic lesion, he lingered to the 22d of February, when he expired.”— p. 300.

The character his biographer gives of him from p. 303 to 338 is very elaborate, including disquisitions on his art, and comparisons with the talents of some of the great masters. In this prolix essay, the friendship of his biographer is sometimes apparent, but upon the whole we know not that many deductions are to be made on this account. To us it appears that with unquestionable talents, original genius, and strong enthusiasm for his art, he was never able to accomplish what he projected, or to practice all that he professed. Few men appear to have had more correct notions of the principles of art, nor to have departed more frequently from them. His lectures we have already mentioned as the most valuable of his publications, yet we know not that it would be possible to exemplify his rules by his practice. We shall instance only in one subject, that of *colouring*; let his lecture on that subject be perused with a reference to his great pictures in the society's rooms, and the difference will be obvious. His ambition during life was to excel no less as a literary theorist, than as a practical artist, and it must be allowed that in both characters he has left specimens sufficient to rank him very high in the English school. Where he has failed in either, we should, as already hinted, be inclined to attribute it to the peculiar frame of his mind, which in his early, as well as mature years, appears to have been deficient in soundness; alternately agitated by conceit or flattery, and irritated by contradiction, however gentle, and suspicion however groundless. This was still more striking to every one conversant in mental derangement, when he exhibited at last that most common of all symptoms, a dread of plots and conspiracies. This went so far at one time that, when robbed of a sum of money, he exculpated common thieves and housebreakers, and attributed the theft to his brother artists jealous of his reputation.

Notwithstanding these defects in his character, these volumes must, we think, be regarded as a valuable addition to the library of every artist and student, and highly creditable to the talents of the author. No English artist has left behind him so large a mass of observation, or has shown more anxiety for the cultivation of his mind, or the advancement of his art.

FROM THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

An Account of Tunis: of its Government, Manners, Customs, and Antiquities; especially of its Productions, Manufactures, and Commerce. By Thomas Macgill. cr. 8vo. pp. 190. price 6s. bds. Longman and Co. 1811.

MR. MACGILL is advantageously known to the public, by his travels in Spain and the Levant. He now undertakes to give some account of the politics, manners, and commerce of Tunis, chiefly with the view of promoting the commercial interests of his own country. His object in visiting that state, was of a mercantile nature; his residence there, it should seem, was in the years 1807 and 1808, though scarcely any account is given of dates or adventures connected with himself; and he took every opportunity of collecting political information from the consuls and principal natives, and commercial information from the leading merchants and brokers. The subject of the publication is not of primary importance to readers in general; but it is an object of considerable curiosity, and a peculiar degree of attention is due, in these times, to a work which is written with so much simplicity, and published so cheap.

In his first chapter, Mr. M. gives a slight sketch of the changes in the government of Tunis since the end of the seventeenth century. The present Bey is descended from Assen Ben Aly, the son of a Corsican slave who had renegaded. His reign commenced about the beginning of the last century. As he had no children, he nominated his nephew Aly to succeed him; but afterwards, having had three sons by a Genoese captive, and having prevailed on the Divan to wave their objections to the offspring of a Christian slave, he revoked his appointment. His nephew shortly afterwards retired in disgust, and put himself at the head of a party which he had secretly formed, and having obtained assistance from the Algerine government, drove Assen from his capital: the unfortunate prince sent his family to Algiers, intending to follow himself, but was at length discovered by Aly's eldest son, who immediately beheaded him. This eldest son, having been compelled to escape from Tunis, by the influence of his

brother, who had resolved to supplant him, and who afterwards procured his younger brother to be poisoned, implored succour from the then Dey of Algiers; but the Dey having formerly received an affront from him, resolved to restore the family of Assen, and at length made himself master of Tunis, put Aly to death, and in 1753, declared the eldest son of Assen, Mahamed Bey. On the death of Mahamed, his brother Aly assumed the government, which he promised to resign in favour of Mahamed's children, as soon as the eldest should be qualified to reign. He continued in power, however, till his death in 1782; and his son, the present Bey, Hamooda, had been rendered so acceptable to the people, by his father's contrivances, and his own merits, that his cousins were the first to pay him homage, renounced all claims to the government, and what is most extraordinary, are still living, and reside in his palace on terms of amity. The Bey has no children living, and it is supposed will appoint one of his brother's four sons successor to the throne, to the exclusion of these rightful heirs. None of the royal race, however, are allowed to quit the palace without permission. For several years a son of Younes was suffered to reside there, till he forfeited his life by treasonable correspondence with the Algerines. With so many claimants to sovereign power, it can hardly be expected that public tranquillity should be long preserved, after the death of the reigning prince.

Hamooda Bey is now about 60 years old. He is described to be

"a man of a handsome, shrewd, and penetrating countenance; he is possessed of very good natural talents, and considering his extremely limited education, his judgment is tolerably enlightened. He reads, writes, and speaks, the Arabic and Turkish languages, and also speaks the "Lingua Franca," or Italian of the country.

"It is observable, that Hamooda Bey, from great practice, added to a considerable portion of natural sagacity, has a wonderful facility in penetrating into the characters of those who approach him. In reasoning he is keen and quick; seizes the principal points of the argument, and judges with precision and wisdom. He is no stranger to the art of dissimulation, which he can practise to its full extent, when occasion requires it.

"He certainly holds a tight rein of government, and acts with such a degree of firmness, as to keep under all intrigues or civil broils in his country." p. 15, 16.

He has greatly reduced the influence of the Turks, who used formerly to fill all the principal offices, and has gradually supplied their places with his Georgian slaves, and others in whose attachment he can depend. But he superintends every thing himself without falling much under the influence of those whom he in-

trusts with power. Where his own interest is not concerned, he is said to decide with wisdom and equity. 'It must be confessed,' however, says Mr. M. 'that he oppresses his subjects; and that by engaging himself in commercial pursuits, he prevents them from trading with that spirit which they would display, if they had not to contend with their prince.' (p. 21.) His military force is on a better footing than that of any preceding Bey. He can bring into the field at a short warning, from 40,000 to 50,000 armed rabble, three fourths mounted; besides his 6000 Turks.

In the early part of his life, he was so bad a mussulman, as to be much given to drinking; and his slaves, who were under no restraints on account of their religion, encouraged him in his excesses, and of course were careful to follow his example.

"One night, as they were over their cups, a noise was heard in the court-yard below; with impatience the Bey demanded the occasion of it; and finding that it proceeded from some people of the Dey of Algiers, who were also making merry, he ordered his late prime minister, Mustafa, who was a sensible man, to have them immediately strangled. The prudent minister, who is still much spoken of, received the order, but contented himself with putting the poor fellows in prison; telling the prince that he had been obeyed. In the morning, when the fumes of the preceding night's debauch had begun to subside, the Bey inquired after the Algerines. Mustafa reminded him of the order he had given the night before. Almost frantic, Hamooda asked if it had been obeyed? Mustafa answered in the negative; for which the prince thanked him; and since that time he has never tasted wine nor strong drink." p. 20, 21.

Mr. Macgill has drawn the characters of the principal personages in the state, with considerable spirit. It will be more worth while, however, to transcribe some of his remarks on the character of the Moors in general. He calls them all that is bad; proud, ignorant, cunning, full of deceit, treacherous, avaricious, ungrateful, revengeful—regardless of friendship or delicacy, and only to be operated upon by interest or fear.

"In order to be respected and kindly treated by any of the barbarous powers, the rod must be kept over their heads. You must make them sensible of your superiority, as a master over children at school. No favour must be granted, but in lieu of something equivalent, and not until it has been repeatedly requested; even then, it should only be granted with reluctance. Should you stand in need of any thing which they can construe into a favour, it may be set down as a rule, that unless through fear, interest, or some other base motive, your request will not be granted by either prince or subject. p. 38.

"Fighting them with their own weapons, is one mode of conquest, both in political and in mercantile concerns; and it has been argued,

that to deal with a Moor to advantage, you must oppose intrigue to intrigue, injustice to injustice, and chicane, to chicane, otherwise he will be sure to overcome you. But though this maxim has been much followed by those who have hitherto dealt with them, yet honesty is certainly the best policy; and a man on his guard against their weak arts, will render them entirely futile, by a systematic determination to act with uniform integrity himself, and never in any degree, to submit to imposition from them. Before talents and integrity, accompanied with vigilance and resolution, the minds of the cunning and unprincipled will almost always crouch or shrink, baffled and disconcerted." p. 39, 40.

The lower orders, it seems, have a strong passion for corporal punishment, as a kind of sauce to fiscal extortion.

"When called upon to pay their dues to the prince, they uniformly plead inability, and make use of every protestation to support their plea. The tax-gatherer, accustomed to this kind of pretence, puts him who refuses, immediately under the bastinado; he then cries out, that he will pay, and generally, before rising from the ground, draws forth his bag, and counts out the cash. A gentleman who stood by, on an occasion of this kind, inquired of the man who had been under the bastinado, if it would not have been better to have paid at once? "What!" cried he, "pay my taxes without being bastinadoed? No! no!" Such conduct may arise not only from their great ignorance and love of money, which makes them hope to the last moment that they will escape, but also from the rapacious nature of the government, which renders it dangerous to appear rich." p. 40, 41.

The population of Tunis is commonly stated at five millions; but Mr. Macgill supposes it may "with greater reason be reckoned at two and a half millions of souls: 7000 of whom may be Turks; 100,000 Jews; 7000 Christians, either freemen or slaves; and the remainder Moors, Arabs and Renegadoes." We suppose he classes Greeks and Georgians under the head of Moors. The city of Tunis is said to contain about 100,000 inhabitants: but exactness is not to be attained, where numbering the people is forbidden by the superstitions of the country.

Of the city itself we are told,

"It is surrounded by a miserable wall of mud and stone, neither fitted for ornament, nor for use. The buildings in the town are of stone, but of very mean architecture. In the whole city, there is not to be found one building worthy of description. The Bey is erecting a palace, which, when finished, may perhaps be handsome, but it is buried in a dirty narrow street, and that nothing may be lost, the lower, or ground floor, is intended for shops. He is also building several barracks in the town, which, when completed, will render his soldiers much more comfortable than they are at present. The streets of Tunis are narrow, dirty, and unpaved; the bazars, or shops are of the

poorest appearance, and but indifferently stocked with merchandize. The inhabitants, who crowd these miserable alleys, present the picture of poverty and oppression" p. 56, 57.

The water in the spring, throughout almost the whole territory, is either salt or hot, in some almost boiling; though in several springs, it is particularly excellent. That used at Tunis, is collected in cisterns during winter.

"The palm-tree requires a great quantity of water, yet the smallest shower of rain would entirely ruin the date. It is, therefore, watered by the hand; and in that country, the water of the rivers, which entirely supply the demand of the people, is so hot, that they are obliged to draw it several hours before it can be applied to the watering of their gardens. It is curious to observe, that although those rivers are so hot, that to hold the hand in them is disagreeable, yet they abound with fish, which are said to have no flavour." p. 65.

The country abounds with antiquities; among which are the remains of the aqueduct which supplied Carthage with water from the mountains of Zawan, a circuitous line of 60 miles. Some of the cisterns are inhabited by the Bedouins who remain in that part of the country.

It seems that comparatively few Christians are now in bondage at Tunis; that state being only at war with Sardinia and Sicily, and captives of countries in amity with it being promptly released. There were but very few subjects of the king of Sardinia in slavery, at the time to which Mr. M. refers; and these were on the point of being ransomed, either by the release of five Moors for each, or the payment of a sum agreed upon, from 1100 to 2000 piasters per head. The king of the two Sicilies, it is said, that august ally to maintain whose odious, oppressive, and Anti-Anglican dominion we are employing thousands of troops and spending millions of money every year,—

"forms a striking contrast to the poor Sardinian king, and shows, in this instance, the same low conduct which in other cases has so strongly marked his conduct. If an unfortunate female throw herself at his feet, in behalf of the father of her family in slavery, he is said to answer by demanding, if she cannot find another husband as good as he? And an unfortunate husband imploring the ransom of his wife, is answered in the same unprincipled unfeeling manner, 'what, are women so scarce in my dominions?' The number of slaves in Tunis, belonging to this prince, amounts to nearly two thousand; and let it be confessed with shame and sorrow, that upwards of one hundred of them have been taken, navigating under the protection of British passports. In vain has the Consul of his Britannic Majesty used his efforts for their relief. While his endeavours are frustrated by others in power in the Mediterranean, who, from some strange policy, are afraid of offending the powers of Barbary, though they would

not, but through fear, give a single bullock to save the British navy from starving, they must remain in slavery, and carry disgraceful ideas of the British nation into the mind of every one who hears of their situation." p. 77, 78.

Bating the "bitter draught" of slavery itself, the wretchedness of exile, and the shameful usage which both sexes sometimes experience, the working and domestic slaves at Tunis are not, upon the whole, particularly ill-treated. More than usual, it is said, have lately renegaded, especially among the subjects of the Sicilian king. 'The French, much to their credit, have procured the release of every slave, subject to the countries which have fallen under their power. No wonder, then, if the Sicilians be ready to welcome those on their island, by whom their parents, brothers, husbands, wives, and children, may once more be restored to their native land !'

The regular revenues of the Bey, besides extortion from the rich while living, the almost universal seizure of their property when they die, and the profits upon his mercantile pursuits, are not supposed to exceed six millions of piasters ; they arise from tithes of oil, grain, &c. the sale of licences for the exportation of those articles, and the importation of wine and spirits ; the customs annually let by auction ; the sale of monopolies, and places ; a tax on the Jews ; and the sale of slaves. A considerable treasure is supposed to be accumulated, but the expenditure is thought, of late, to have exceeded the revenue.

In describing the customs and prejudices of the Moors, Mr. M. mentions that extensively prevailing sentiment, the dread of the envious or "evil eye," of which a particular account will be found in our review of Mr. Thornton's *Travels*.* He also mentions the apprehension of fatal consequences from sitting thirteen at table. They have a traditionary prophecy, that their country will be conquered on a Friday at the noon-time of prayer, by a people dressed in red, which they sometimes apprehend, and Mr. Macgill cordially hopes, will be the English ; at that hour, therefore, the gates of their cities are constantly kept locked. Their Arabian faith is a good deal tinctured with heathenism.

"Previously to the marching of their armies, the astrologers of the country are employed to watch the rising of a particular star. Should it rise clear, they augur good, discharge their artillery, and plant the standard, round which their camp is to be formed ; but should the star rise obscured by clouds, or by a fog, they reckon the omen to be evil, and defer the planting of the standard until another day. When the camp breaks up, which is formed near the Bey's palace, where every thing is prepared for the march ; a pair of black bulls are sacrificed

* Vol. III. p. 770.

as the commander passes. After this, victory is expected to crown his endeavours : and the "*loo-loo-loo*," of the spectators proves that their good wishes accompany their friends." p. 87, 88.

It is extraordinary that Mr. Macgill should not know that this cry, is the name of "*Alla*," repeated with great rapidity.

"The Moors (he says) appear to be less jealous of their wives than the Turks are. In Turkey, the fair sex are guarded by eunuchs ; in Tunis, they have none, nor can the women be said to be guarded at all. They are served by Christian slaves, and, which is curious, they fear less to be seen by Christians than by Mussulmans. It is quite uncommon for a Moorish lady to cover herself, either before a Christian slave or a Jew. Does this arise from the contempt with which Christian slaves and Jews are considered ?" p. 89.

"A plurality of wives is allowed in Barbary, as well as in all Mahometan countries. A man here may possess four wives, and as many concubines as he can maintain. It seldom happens, however, that a Moor has more than two wives at the same time ; but the ceremony of divorcing them is so simple, that he may change as often as he finds it convenient." p. 91.

"The Moors show great respect to their dead relations. On holidays, they are to be seen praying at their tombs, which are kept clean and white-washed ; and any infidel who should dare to pass over them, would certainly suffer a severe punishment from the enraged enthusiasts. Their tombs are not adorned with the solemn cypress, like those of the Mahometans in Turkey ; but small temples for prayer are often built over them.

"In Barbary, the fine arts are totally abandoned ; and like all other ignorant Mahometans, the Moors seek to destroy every vestige of ancient grandeur which remains in their country. Every piece of fine marble which they find in any way wrought, is broken to pieces by them ; as they judge from its great weight, that it may contain money. Statues or *reliefs*, seldom escape mutilation from the same idea, and also from their abhorrence of idolatry ; to which purpose they imagine the statues may have originally been appropriated. They have no paintings in their houses ; and the extreme jealousy of the government, renders it unsafe for any one to paint openly in the country.

"Their music is of the most barbarous kind. The braying of an ass is sweeter than their softest note, whether vocal or instrumental." p. 91, 92.

The following custom is one of the most whimsical instances of human caprice that we ever met with.

"The Tunisines have a curious custom of fattening up their young ladies for marriage. A girl after she is betrothed, is cooped in a small room. Shackles of silver and gold are put upon her ankles and wrists, as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, despatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore, are put upon the new bride's limbs ; and she is fed

until they are filled up to the proper thickness. This is sometimes no easy matter ; particularly if the former wife was fat, and the present should be of a slender form. The food used for this custom, worthy of barbarians, is a seed called *drough* ; which is of an extraordinary fattening quality, and also famous for rendering the milk of nurses rich and abundant. With this seed and their national dish "*cuscusu*," the bride is literally crammed, and many actually die under the spoon."

The politics of Tunis, as of most other places, are affected by two predominant and rival interests, the English and French : the latter, ever since the revolution, is said to be on the decline. No art is omitted, on the part of the French government, to sustain and strengthen it ; and among these, a splendid account of the achievements of Bonaparte, has been printed in the Turkish language, and circulated with great industry ; but according to Mr. M. it has not obtained much credit. The maritime superiority of the English, their good faith, the necessity of resorting to Malta for the sale of Tunisine produce and the purchase of all sorts of supplies, and the steady, discreet conduct of the present consul, are stated to have rendered the English interest more powerful than at any preceding period, and decidedly superior to that of any other power. Mr. Macgill's recommendation, to adopt a bolder and more manly policy, in negotiating with these petty barbarians, and to establish the consulate on a more extended and respectable footing, has the concurrence of several other writers, and appears highly worthy of attention. The transactions of Great Britain, in this respect, have proved how difficult it is for a commercial nation not to be mean. Since the trade of Tunis has been chiefly carried on with Malta, our people find great benefit from the terms of their treaty, which allows them to import goods from any country under any flag, at a trifling duty of 3 per cent. on the nominal or tariff value, while the French pay 8 per cent. on what they import under any flag, or from any country but their own. A copy of the British tariff is inserted in the volume. The trade of the Barbary states has greatly declined ; but that of Tunis is the most flourishing. The causes Mr. M. discovers for this decline, are the insecurity of property under a tyrannical and unprincipled government, the granting monopolies, and the interference of the prince himself, and his creatures, in the mercantile pursuits. These circumstances must certainly have checked the *increase* of the trade ; but, as they have been long in operation, they can hardly be said to have occasioned its decline, which may more naturally be attributed to the destruction of French commerce by the war. The Bey has had the wisdom, after the example of more enlightened countries, to prohibit the exportation of corn for the purpose of preventing famine ; in other words to discourage its growth.

Mr. Macgill has put together some useful information respecting the currency, weights, and measures of Tunis, as compared with those of other countries. The Spanish dollar is worth at par $3\frac{1}{4}$ Tunisine piasters. The principal exports are corn, oil, wool, hides, wax, dates, senna, madder, coral, a small quantity of excellent oil of roses, some ostrich feathers, and the manufactures of woollen stuffs, morocco leather, soap, and the noted crimson caps—which are made on a peculiar plan which Mr. M. describes—are composed chiefly of Spanish wool—and ornamented with a tassel of blue silk. The shepherds, in some parts, drive about their flocks for some days previous to the shearing, so as to load the fleece with sand, and almost double its apparent weight! The export of woolens is chiefly to Turkey and the Levant. Some valuable instructions are given to traders, relative to the articles of import most in request at Tunis, and the mode of supplying them to advantage. In spite of Mahamed, 1000 pipes of wine are annually drank in that capital; the Bey grants his *tascare* or licence for the introduction of it, under the pretence of its being vinegar.

We hardly need add any commendation of this respectable little book. If it had been rather more extended, by illustrations of the domestic habits and political erudition of the Tunisines, it would have been still more valuable; and possibly Mr. Macgill may possess materials to avail himself of this hint, in case a second edition should be required.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA,

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—a Romaunt, by Lord Byron. 4to. Murray, London: 1812.

WHATEVER *gratuitous* bays formerly bound the temples of a man of rank and influence who condescended to court the Muses, it cannot be said that, in latter times, noble authors have been much indulged with unearned wreaths. From the days of Pope, it has been the fashion to identify inanity of composition with the very sound of a title. That irritable satirist having ridiculed the attempts of a weak man of fashion, and stamped the character with an effeminate name, Paul Whitehead, the feeble imitator of Pope's measure and manner, and after him others, generalized the poison of the satire; and, to be nobly born, was quite enough to exclude a writer from Parnassus. Whether this illiberal sentiment, diffused throughout the writings of petty critics and minor poets, has had any effect in smothering poetical genius among the nobility, or whether the all-absorbing vortex of politics to

which youth destined to public life, are directed, weakens at once that desire and the power of ascending the sacred hill, it is a fact that the last century has scarcely produced a titled poet, whose works are likely to interest posterity. As statemen, political writers, and literary men, there have not been wanting in that period, distinguished characters among the nobility; but, with the exception of George, Lord Lyttelton, we distinguish no poet. When the noble author of the poem before us, yielding to the laudable ambition of becoming a successful votary of the Muses, ventured, while yet a boy, to put forth 'his tender leaves of hope,' and published his *primitiæ*,* he was assailed on every side. Some of the Reviewers were not content with attacking his Juvenile poems: they rummaged the receptacles of calumny, converted youthful eccentricity, into grave error, personally abused, and insultingly advised him. He that is born a poet, far from being overwhelmed by such attacks, rises the stronger from the opposition. It has been the lot of the loftiest names in the Temple of Fame. Lord B. did not treat these trite insults with silent contempt: while his volume of poems which had drawn them upon him, was going through a second edition, he prepared his revenge, and, before he was of age to take his seat in the House of Peers, he published a Satire on the Poetasters and Reviewers of the day, of which the lash possesses a keenness, and the versification a nerve not surpassed, and rarely equalled, since the day of Pope. That work being noticed in a former number of the PANORAMA, when it first appeared, we shall not here repeat our opinion of it.† It has gone through many editions, and is very generally known.

We have risen from the perusal of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' delighted, and confirmed in our opinion, that Lord B. is a genuine poet of the highest order. In declaring this, however, we do not mean to say, that the poem now under consideration, is regular and perfect; but, that it manifests the writer's genius to be equal to any poetical task on which he may think proper to employ his time and talents.

The author entitles his poem a Romaunt consistently with the measure, (Spencer's) and with the phraseology which he has thought proper to adopt, but to which his matter can scarcely be allowed to give it a right. A Romaunt, or Romance, requires fictitious characters, conducted through a progress of wild adventures: it deals in involvements and extrications, in vivid passions, in alternate joy and wo: in short, it is a tale in verse, a species of composition, the taste of former times, neglected in the brilliant era of poetry, but which has lately been very much in vogue. This is not the character of Lord B's poem. He has, indeed,

* Compare Panorama, Vol. III. p. 273. Vol. XI. [*Lit. Pan. March 1812.*]

† Compare Panorama, Vol. VI. p. 491.

introduced a fictitious patronage ; but merely, as he apprizes the reader in his preface, 'for the sake of giving some connection (he might have added, life and action) to the piece, but without pretending to regularity.' In a less strict sense, however, and somewhat figuratively used, the word 'Romaunt,' far from being unaptly, is ingeniously applied to obviate the intrusion of egotism in the narrative : nor should we have thought it necessary to make these remarks but for the purpose of explaining to our readers, that it is *not* a metrical Romance ; not that we have any objection to such compositions in the hands of men of genius ; but it cannot be denied that even in their hands, and when they have occupied writers of the most brilliant powers, they may pall on repetition.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, is a poem in which narrative, feeling, description, sentiment, satire, tenderness, and contemplation, are happily blended ; it is adorned with beautiful imagery, expressed in animated and harmonious verse ; and to this we may add, that the subjects of it are of the most interesting nature, and, if not in themselves altogether new, they are treated in a manner combining novelty and exactness.

The scope of the poem is briefly this : Harold, the imaginary character, dissatisfied with his life at home, resolves to quit England and visit other countries. He embarks, and landing at Lisbon, travels through a part of Portugal and of Spain ; he re-embarks at Cadiz, and after staying awhile in the Maltese islands, passes by several of the Grecian islands, visits Albania, and lastly, makes excursions in Greece. If the poet deals not in the usual enchantments of magicians, dragons, and the long *et cetera* of the marvellous, it cannot be denied that he has trodden on enchanted ground—on ground enchanted by magical recollections, to say the least.

Never was Muse more modestly invoked, or rather not invoked :

I.

Oh, thou ! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,
 Muse ? form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will,
 Since sham'd full oft by later lyres on earth,
 Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill ;
 Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill,
 Yes ! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,
 Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still ;
 Nor more my shell awakes the weary Nine
 To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

The ten following stanzas are employed in delineating the character of Harold, which is done with a master's hand. No part of the whole poem is more highly finished, and did it not

exceed our limits, we should extract the entire picture. We must be content to give one stanza :

IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noon-tide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly ;
Nor deem'd before his little day was done
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befell ;
He felt the fulness of satiety :
Then loath'd he in his native land to dwell,
Which seem'd to him more lone than Bremite's sad cell.

Harold's character, is exquisitely drawn ; it announces a mind which, from youthful excesses, had fallen into a melancholy state of gloominess. The author, notwithstanding, contrives to interest us for him :

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ;
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee :
Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolv'd to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;
With pleasure drugg'd he almost longed for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

When the love of virtue, and the practice of vice, meet in the same person, as they sometimes do,—*video meliora, proboque, deteriora sequor*,—condemnation in the observer is associated with pity approaching to affection : ' His virtues and his vices are so mingled,' says Ventidius of Mark Anthony, ' as must confound God's choice to punish one and not reward the other.' We become too more reconciled to Harold, notwithstanding his faults, when at sea we find him seizing his harp, and singing a ' good night' to his country.

The occurrences in the progress of his voyage, the making land, the approach to the Tagus, the beauty of the distant view of Lisbon, with the contrast of the interior of the town, are admirable ; and the picturesque scenery of Cintra is very fine. Here his lordship indulges his vein for Satire at the expense of the Convention signed in that town,

" Where policy regain'd what arms had lost."

The Satire is keen, but we were gratified in seeing that the author does justice to Lord Wellington in a note to this passage, which, as connected with it, we insert. Says Lord B.

"The convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marquese Marialva. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders: he has, perhaps, changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors." (*Notes p. 115*). No finer compliment was ever paid to a military character.

On Harold's leaving Portugal, we meet with another stanza which makes a new impression on our hearts in his favour:—

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learned to moralize,
For Meditation fix'd at times on him:
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
His early youth, mispent in maddest whim;
But as he gaz'd on Truth his aching eyes grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:
Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

The entrance into Spain, the scarcely discernible boundaries of the two kingdoms, the allusion to the battles fought between the Christians and the Moors on the banks of the Guadiana, the apostrophe to Spain, the battle heard at a distance, and the sight of hostile armies in gorgeous array, are beauties to which we can only refer; as indeed, we must say of many more. But it is impossible to omit the apostrophe to Spain.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's* traitor-sire first call'd the band
That dy'd thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore

* Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Granada.

Wav'd o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate;
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:
In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVIII.

Hark!—heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor sav'd your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock,
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

In the two following stanzas how admirably contrasted are the
thoughtless inhabitants of a voluptuous city and the anxious
countrymen, in a seat of war!

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds;
Not here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds;
Here Folly still his votaries enthral;
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds,
Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tottering walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
 He lurks, nor casts his heavy-eye afar,
 Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
 Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
 No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
 Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:
 Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
 Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret:
 The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet.

We cannot refrain from extracting the stanzas devoted to the maid of Saragoza:

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, arous'd,
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
 And all unsex'd, the Anlace hath espous'd,
 Sung the loud song, and dar'd the deed of war?
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
 Apall'd an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
 Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
 Oh! had you know her in her softer hour,
 Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
 Heard her light lively tones in Lady's bower,
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
 Thin the clos'd ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase,

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-tim'd tear;
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?*

* Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza. When the author was at Seville she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

Here follow some highly wrought stanzas on the beauty of the Spanish women; in the midst of which there occurs a fine apostrophe to Mount Parnassus. During the remainder of the first canto, Harold is in Cadiz, a city for various reasons not likely to decrease the interest of the poem. The dissipation of the place, and a bull-fight furnish the chief topics. The bull-fight is exquisitely painted. Towards the conclusion, there is a mournful stanza on the state of Spain, which, for the harmony of the verse, and for the sympathy excited by every line, deserves particular attention:—

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well asserted right.
When shall her Olive Branch be free from blight?
When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
And Freedom's stranger tree grow native of the soil!

The scenes of the second canto are, at sea; they shift to Albania, the territory of Ali Pacha's government; and to Greece. It opens with an invocation to Minerva, and after a few stanzas, relative to a diversity of religion tending to scepticism,—and therefore not to be distinguished by our commendation,—the poet, viewing the ruins of Athens, is inflamed with anger against the plunderers,—the peaceful, not the warlike plunderers, of Greece; concluding the burst of his indignation thus:—

XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they lov'd;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defac'd, thy mouldering shrines remov'd
By British hands, which it had best behov'd
To guard those relics ne'er to be restor'd.
Curst be the hour when from their isle they rov'd,
And once again thy hapless bosom gor'd,
And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to northern climes abhor'd!

This opening is written in the character of the poet himself, under the fervour of excited feelings, while contemplating this favourite classical spot. He now returns to Harold, who has left Spain. The images presented to the mind from sailing out of harbour with a convoy are well painted; as it is the interior of a ship of war at sea, and the lagging of the dull sailors under her protection. The moon-light scene in the passage through the

Straits, with the reflections it suggests, the arrival at Calypso's Island, the new Calypso Harold finds there, and the invulnerable state of his heart, afford subjects for stanzas sweetly harmonious. The following may be taken as a specimen :—

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year:
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.

XXVI.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued:
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

Also one stanza from those that contain reflections at Calypso's island :

XXX.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,
Save admiration glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urg'd him to adore,
Well deem'd the little God his ancient sway was o'er.

Harold passes by Ithaca, the promontory of Leucadia, and Actium: he travels through a great part of Continental Greece to visit the Albanian Chief (Ali Pacha): these are described, together with the feelings they excite, and the reflections they give birth to. The palace of the Pacha at Ioanina is magnificently drawn: we have seldom seen so masterly a picture, and though of considerable length, we shall present it to our readers:—

LIV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,*
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by:
The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily,
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream: and drawing nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the lengthening glen.

LV.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,
And underneath the wide o'er-arching gate
Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparation shock the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait;
Within, a palace, and without, a fort:
Here men of every clime, appear to make resort.

LVI.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store
Circled the wide extending court below;
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore;
And oft-times through the Area's echoing door
Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away:
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor
Here mingl'd in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announc'd the close of day.

LVII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see;
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;

* Anciently Mount Tamarus.

The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
 And crooked glaive ; the lively, supple Greek,
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son ;
 The bearded Turks that rarely deigns to speak,
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LVIII.

Are mix'd conspicuous : some recline in groups,
 Scanning the motley scene that varies round ;
 There some great Moslem to devotion stoops,
 And some that smoke, and some that play, are found :
 Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground ;
 Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate ;
 Hark ! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
 " There is no god but God !—to prayer—Io ! God is great !"

LIX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast
 Through the long day its penance did maintain :
 But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
 Revel and feast assum'd the rule again.
 Now all was bustle, and the menial train
 Prepar'd and spread the plenteous board within ;
 The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,
 But from the chambers came the mingling din,
 As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

LX.

Here woman's voice is never heard : apart,
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to rove,
 She yields to one her person and her heart,
 Tam'd to her cage, nor feels a wish to move :
 For, not unhappy in her master's love,
 And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
 Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears
 Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares.

LXI.

In marble-pav'd pavilion, where a spring
 Of living water from the centre rose,
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
 And soft voluptuous couches breath'd repose,
 Ali reclined, a man of war and woes ;
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
 While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
 Along that aged venerable face,
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

LXII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth :

Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
 But 'tis those ne'er forgotten acts of ruth,
 Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
 In years, that marked him with a tyger's tooth;
 Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

The character of the Albanians is given with great energy, in the succeeding stanzas: we extract the first of them:

LXIV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
 Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
 Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
 Who can so well the toil of war endure?
 Their native fastnesses not more secure
 Than they in doubtful time of troublous need.
 Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
 When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
 Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

Harold terminates his stay among the Albanians at a feast, and with a characteristic effusion, which the author informs us was composed by him from different Albanese songs.

SONG.

1.

Tambourgi!* Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war;
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

2.

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
 In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock,

3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
 The fault of a friend bid an enemy live?
 Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego?
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;
 For a time they abandon the cave and the chase;
 But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
 * The sabre is sheath'd and the battle is o'er.

5.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
 And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
 Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
 And track to his covert the captive on shore.

* Drummer.

6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy;
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair;
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall sooth;
Let her bring from the chamber her many-ton'd lyre;
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,*
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conqueror's yell;
The roofs that we fir'd, and the plunder we shar'd,
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spar'd.

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier:
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-hair'd† Giaours‡ view his horsetails with dread;
When his Delhis** come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

11.

Selictar!†† unsheath then our chief's scimitar;
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war.
Ye mountains that see us descend to the shore!
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

The remainder of the poem is dedicated to that enchanting country, Greece, and every line of it will be felt by the scholar and the man of taste; but to which, we must again say, our limits compel us to refer our readers; who, indeed, will eventually be pleased with a reference that shall induce them to peruse the whole of a poem calculated to diffuse delight.

It is followed by notes relative to the subjects introduced, and by a few short miscellanies, chiefly written abroad, of which several are on similar topics; and some are translations of Romaic songs. The volume concludes with an appendix, containing a catalogue of Romaic authors, with specimens of that language. In some future number, and at a more leisure moment, we may return with pleasure to their contents. Some of the notes, particularly those written at Athens, furnish matter for observations, which the calls of our printer warn us to postpone.

* It was taken by storm from the French. † Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians. ‡ Infidel. § Horse-tails are the insignia of a Pacha.
** Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope. †† Sword-bearer.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

BELL ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE.

AMONG the works which have done the greatest honour to the persevering skill and intelligence of the British nation, the Eddystone Light House has always been considered as holding a distinguished place. With the difficulties attending the progress and completion of that structure, we are familiar by means of Smeaton's History of the work, which is copied into all books of travels in the West of England. A work, so far as we can learn, not less arduous has been accomplished on the Bell Rock in the Firth of Forth: it has engaged our attention several times;* and the history of it displays such a persevering and unabated struggle with difficulties, and such a happy and *cheap* victory over them, that we cannot but congratulate our age and country on the spirit and skill displayed in the undertaking.

The Cape, or Bell Rock, lies about eleven miles in a south-west direction from the Red Head, in Forfarshire, and thirty miles north by east, from St. Abb's Head, in Berwickshire. These two head-lands form the boundaries of the estuary, or Firth of Forth, which is the principal inlet upon the east coast of Great Britain for vessels overtaken with an easterly storm, while navigating the German Ocean or North Sea.—This dangerous Rock is not usually inserted in general maps of Scotland; but we have the pleasure of referring our readers to that admirable one of the Parliamentary Commissioners inserted in LITERARY PANORAMA, Vol. III. p. 1, and annexed to our account of the "Report to Hon. House of Commons, relative to Improvements in Roads, Bridges, &c. forming in the Highlands, &c. &c. of Scotland." In this map the Bell Rock is distinctly marked.

This rock is almost one entire or continuous mass, having only a very few detached or separate pieces. It is a red sand-stone,

* Comp. Panorama. Vol. II. p. 649; VII. p. 167.—Eddystone L. H. Vol. IV. p. 339.

very hard, and of a fine grit, with minute specks of mica. At low water of neap tides, the rock is only partially left by the tide; but its dimensions, as seen at low water of spring tides, are about 2000 feet in length, with an average breadth of 230 feet; and then the height of the north-east part, where the light house is built, may be stated at four feet above the surface of the water; but the south-west or opposite end of the rock, is lower, and its surface is never left by the tide. The surface of the rock is very uneven, and walking upon it is difficult and even dangerous. Those parts which are higher, and consequently oftener left by the tide, are covered with mussels, limpets, whelks, and numbers of seals occasionally play about the rock, and rest upon it at low water.—Those parts which appear only at spring tide, are thickly coated with sea weeds; as the *great tangle* (*fucus digitatus*), and *baaderlocks* or *hen-ware* (*fucus esculentus*), which here grows to the length of eighteen feet. The red-ware cod is got very near the rock, and as the water deepens, the other fish common in those seas, are caught in abundance.

Such being the position of this fatal rock, appearing only a few feet above the low water mark of spring tides, and being wholly covered by the water when the tide has flowed but a short time, its dangerous effects have been long and severely felt, and the want of some distinguishing mark to point out its place, has been lamented with the occurrence of every shipwreck upon the coast. But until commerce had made considerable advances towards its present state, the erection of a light-house could not be undertaken, as the ships frequenting those seas, were not sufficiently numerous to afford the probability of raising an adequate revenue, by a small duty or tonnage upon each vessel. Tradition, however, informs us, that so long ago as the fourteenth century, the monks of Aberbrothwick caused a large bell to be hung upon the rock, in such a manner that the waves of the sea gave it motion, by which means warning was given to the mariner of the vicinity of the rock. In this way the name of "Bell Rock," is said to have arisen. Such a bell must soon have been swept away by the raging sea: and centuries elapsed without any effectual steps being taken for distinguishing the rock.

In 1806, a bill passed in both houses of parliament, under the auspices of the then lord-advocate, the honourable Henry Erskine, aided by Sir John Sinclair, bart. By this bill, the northern light duty, of three half-pence per ton upon British, and three-pence per ton upon foreign bottoms, was allowed to be extended to all vessels bound to, or from any of the ports between Peterhead in the north, and Berwick-upon-Tweed in the south, and the commissioners were empowered to borrow £25,000 from the 3 per cent consols, which with £20,000 which they possessed, made a disposable fund of £45,000 to go on with the work.

The bill for the erection of the light-house, passed late in the sessions of 1806, and during the following winter, materials were ordered from the granite quarries in Aberdeenshire, for the outside casing of the first or lower 30 feet of the building; and blocks of freestone for the inside work and high parts, were brought from the quarry of Mylnfield, near Dundee. At Arbroath, the stones were collected and hewn, previous to their being taken off to the rock.

As the work could only be proceeded with at low water of spring tides, and as three hours were considered a good tide's work, it became necessary to embrace every opportunity of favourable weather, as well in the day tides, as under night by torch light, and on Sundays; for when the flood tide advanced upon the rock, the workmen were obliged to collect their tools and go into the attending boats, which often, not without the utmost difficulty, were rowed to the floating light, where they remained till the rock began to appear next ebb-tide. Happily no accident occurred to check the ardour of working, and by the latter end of October, the operations were brought to a close for the season. A beacon was now finished, consisting of 12 large beams of timber ranged in a circle, having a common base of 30 feet, and rising to a height of 50 feet; at the top the beams were gathered together and terminated in a point; below they were strongly connected with the rock by iron batts and chains. The upper part, which in moderate weather stood above the reach of the sea, was afterwards fitted up, and possessed during the working months as a barrack for the artificers, a smith's shop, and other necessary purposes; and being situated near the stone building, it was at last connected with it by a bridge, or gangway; which, in the progress of the work, was likewise of great service in facilitating the raising of the materials. Unless such an expedient as this beacon-house had been resorted to, the possibility of erecting a light-house upon the rock, is extremely doubtful; it must at any rate have required a much longer period for its accomplishment, and without the beacon-house, there would in all probability have been the loss of many lives.

The operations of the second year were commenced at as early a period as the weather would permit; and to avoid the great personal risk, and excessive fatigue of rowing the boats to the floating light, an additional vessel was provided solely for the purpose of attending the work. This vessel could be loosened from her moorings at pleasure, and taken to the lee-side of the rock, where in foul weather, she might take the artificers and attending boats on board, which could not be done by the floating light. This tender was a very fine schooner of 80 tons, named the Sir Joseph Banks, in compliment to the illustrious presi-

dent of the Royal Society, who, ever ready in the cause of public improvement, had lent his aid in procuring the loan from government for carrying on the work. Thus provided with a place of safety on the rock in the beacon-house, and a tender always ready in case of necessity, the work went forward even in pretty blowing weather, and by struggling both during day and night tides, early in July, the site of the light-house was cut sufficiently deep into the rock, and wrought to a level. Part of the cast-iron rail-way was fixed for conveying the large blocks of stone along the rock, and other necessary preparations being made, the foundation stone was laid upon Sunday the 10th July, 1808. By the latter end of September, the operations of a second season were brought to a fortunate conclusion, by the finishing of the four first and heaviest courses of five feet six inches.

In the spring of the following year, the operations were again resumed, and it was no small happiness to those concerned, to find, that of the four courses built upon the rock, not a single stone had in the least shifted, after a long and severe winter. The arrangements previous to the landing of any materials on the rock, were to lay down moorings for the various vessels and praam boats employed in the service of the rock; to erect machinery for receiving the stones from the praam boats, and cranes for taking them from the rail-ways, and laying them into their places on the building. With an apparatus thus appointed, the light-house was got to the height of 30 feet by the month of September 1809, which completed the solid part of the building, and in this state, things were again left for the winter months.

The work was therefore begun as early in the third season as possible; and, by unremitting exertions, and a train of fortunate circumstances, the building of the light-house was brought to a conclusion in the month of December, 1810, and lighted up for the first time on the evening of the 1st February, 1811.

The foundation stone of the light-house is nearly on a level with low water of ordinary spring tides, and consequently at high water of these tides the building is immersed about fifteen feet; but during the progress of the work, the sea-spray has been observed to rise upon the light-house to the height of ninety feet, even in the month of July. The building is of a circular form, composed of blocks of stone, from one half ton to between two and three tons weight each. The ground course measures forty-two feet diameter, from which it diminishes as it rises; and at the top, where the mason work finishes, and the light-room commences, it measures thirteen feet diameter. Here the cornice forms a walk or balcony round the outside of the light-room. The stone building measures an hundred feet in height; but the total height of the light-house, including the light-room,

is an hundred and fifteen feet. As far up as the entrance door, which is thirty feet from the ground course, the building is entirely solid, excepting a small hole cut in the centre stones for the drop of the weight of the machinery. The ascent to the entrance door is by a kind of rope ladder, which is hung out at ebb tide, and again taken into the building when the water covers the rock. A narrow passage leads from the door to the stair-case. The stair-case occupies thirteen feet of the building immediately above the solid part. Here the walls are seven feet thick, but they regularly become thinner all the way to the top. The remaining fifty-seven feet of the mason-work is divided by five stone floors into rooms for the light-keepers and stores, which communicate with each other by wooden ladders. It being proper to have nothing of a combustible nature about the light-room, the ladders there are of iron. The three lower apartments have each two small windows, and the upper rooms have each four windows; the whole being provided with strong shutters to defend the glass against the sea in storms.

The two first courses of the building are entirely sunk into the rock. The stones of all the courses are dove-tailed, and let into each other in such a manner that each course forms one connected mass from the centre to the circumference; and the successive courses are attached to each other by *joggles* of stone, upon the plan of the Eddystone light-house; and whilst the building was still amongst the water, two trenail holes were bored through each stone, entering six inches into the course below; oaken trenails of two inches diameter were driven into these holes, which effectually keep the stones from shifting till the stones of the next course were laid. The cement used at the Bell Rock was a mixture of lime, pozzolano earth, and sand; and that it might resemble the mortar used at the Eddystone with so much success, the lime was brought from the very same quarry in Wales.

Round the balcony of the light-room, there is a cast-iron rail, curiously wrought like net-work, which rests upon the batts of brass; and the rail has a massive coping of the same metal. The light-room is of an octagon form, twelve feet diameter, and fifteen feet in height, constructed chiefly of cast iron, with a dome roof of copper; and the window sashes all round are glazed with polished plate glass, which is one quarter of an inch in thickness. In one of the lower apartments, or the kitchen, there is an iron grate or open fire-place, with a metal tube for conveying the smoke to the top of the light-room, which heats the several rooms through which it passes. This grate and chimney merely touch the building, without being included or built upon the walls.

The light is very powerful, and has been seen from a ship's

deck full twenty miles from the rock. It is from oil, with Argand burners, placed in the focus of silver plated reflectors, hollowed to the parabolic curve. That the Bell Rock light may be readily distinguished by the mariner from all others on the coast, reflectors are ranged upon a frame, which is made to revolve upon a perpendicular axis once in three minutes. Between the observer and the reflectors, on one side of the frame, shades of red glass are interposed, in such a manner, that during each entire revolution of the frame with the reflectors, two distinctly different appearances are produced, the one of a common bright light, and the other, or shaded side, having the rays tinged red; and these lights alternate, with intervals of darkness.

As further warning to the mariner, two large bells are tolled day and night during the continuance of foggy or snowy weather by the same machinery which moves the lights. As these bells in moderate weather, may be heard considerably beyond the limits of the rock, a vessel may by this means be prevented from running upon the rock during fogs, a disaster which might otherwise happen, notwithstanding the erection of the light-house.

The establishment of keepers consists of a principal light keeper and three others. Each keeper at the end of six weeks, in his turn is relieved, and is at liberty to go upon his own affairs for a fortnight. The pay is about fifty pounds per annum, with provisions while at the light-house. At Arbroath, each of the light keepers has a house provided by the commissioners of his family. Connected with these houses, there is a signal tower, where an excellent telescope is kept, and a set of signals arranged with the people at the light-house for the attending vessel, which carries off the stores, provisions, and fuel to the light-house.

The expense of this undertaking has not yet been ascertained, but it is supposed to amount to about 55,000*l.* sterling.

* * * As this rock has long enjoyed the fatal pre-eminence of causing more shipwrecks than others, though now the cause we trust of many future escapes from such distresses, we conclude this article with the traditionary report of the neighbouring coasts, combined into poetry. The benevolence of the present age forms a strong and happy contrast with the barbarism of ancient times.

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she might be;
Her sails from heav'n receiv'd no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape rock;

So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy abbot of Aberbrothock,
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape rock ;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder, it warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And bless'd the priest of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven shone so gay,
All things were joyful on that day,
The sea-birds scream'd as they sported round,
And there was pleasure in that sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck, on the ocean green :
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering pow'r of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float :
Quoth he, " My men put out the boat,
" And row me to the Inchcape rock,
" And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go :
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles arose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to this rock
" Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover, sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his way to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high :
The wind had blown a gale all day,
At evening it had died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they can see no land ;

Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
"For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Can'st hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
"For yonder, methinks, should be the shore;
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
"But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Tho' the wind had fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shiv'ring shock—
Oh, Heavens! it is the Inchcape Rock.

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The vessel sinks beneath the tide.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Some account of Alexander Wilson, author of the exquisite and humorous Ballad of "Watty and Meg," with that Poem subjoined. From "Cromek's Scottish Songs."

THE reader is here presented with an exquisite picture from low life, drawn with all the fidelity and exactness of Teniers, or Ostade, and enlivened with the humour of Hogarth. The story excites as much interest as if it had been written in a dramatic form, and really represented. The interest heightens as it proceeds, and is supported with wonderful spirit to the close of the poem.

It must have been in no small degree gratifying to the feelings of the author, who published it anonymously, that during a rapid sale of seven or eight editions, the public universally ascribed it to the pen of Burns. The author of 'Will and Jean,' or 'Scotland's Scaith,' had the candour to acknowledge to the Editor that he was indebted to this exquisite poem for the foundation of that popular performance.

The following sketch of the life of the author of this striking performance, has been communicated in the most obliging manner, by Mr. James Brown, manufacturer, at Paisley:—

Alexander Wilson, author of Watty and Meg, was born at Paisley, in the year 1766. His father, intending him for the medical profession, gave him as good an education as his trade of a weaver would allow. He, however, entered into a second marriage, which put an end to this scheme, unfortunately for young

Wilson, who at the age of thirteen was put to the loom. After an apprenticeship of five years, he became his own master; but his eager passion for reading poetry and novels, absorbed most of his time, and left him in a state of constant need. In the year 1786 he gave up his occupation, and travelled the country. In 1790 he settled again in Paisley, and published a volume of poems and a journal of his excursions, which meeting with poor success, involved him further in pecuniary difficulties. He again returned to the loom; but his favourite literary pursuits still engrossed his attention, and the society of the young and thoughtless of his own age consumed his time and exhausted his means of support.

Soon after the publication of his poems he became the dupe of a worthless fellow, who had been vainly endeavouring to sell them, and who persuaded him to write a satire, with a view to relieve himself from his embarrassments. The poem being of a popular subject, sold rapidly; but his friend's advice led him beyond the safe bounds of satire, and he incurred a prosecution, by which he suffered severely. The remembrance of this misfortune dwelt upon his mind, and rendered him dissatisfied with his country.

Another cause of Wilson's dejection was the rising fame of Burns, and the indifference of the public to his own productions. He may be said to have envied the Ayrshire bard, and to this envy may be attributed his best production, "Watty and Meg," which he wrote at Edinburg, in 1793. He sent it to Nielson, printer, at Paisley, who had suffered by the publication of his former poems. As it was, by the advice of his friends, published anonymously, it was generally ascribed to Burns, and went rapidly through seven or eight editions. Wilson, however, shared no part of the profits, willing to compensate for the former losses his publisher had sustained.

Tired of a country in which the efforts of his genius had been rendered abortive, he resolved in the year 1794 or 1795 to embark for America, which his warm fancy and independent spirit had taught him to regard as the land of liberty. To procure money for the passage he laboured with incessant industry, and having accumulated a sufficient sum, he took his departure. He settled in the state of Pennsylvania, where he remained four or five years as a teacher, and was afterwards employed for about the same length of time as a land surveyor. He then became connected with Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, bookseller and stationer, of Philadelphia, in the capacity of editor. He is now engaged in an extensive work entitled, "American Ornithology." In pursuit of subjects for this performance he has actually traversed a great part of the United States, and has been enabled to pursue his

favourite diversion of shooting. He kills the birds, draws their figures, and describes them.

WATTY AND MEG; OR, THE WIFE REFORMED

Keen the frosty winds war blawin',
 Deep the snaw had wreath'd the ploughs;
 Watty, weary'd a' day sawin',*
 Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky,
 Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill,
 "Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!
 "Haith! we'se ha'e another gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,
 And sae mony nei'bours roun',
 Kicket frae his shoon the sna' ba's,
 Syne ayont the fire sat down.

Owre a boord, wi' bannocks heaped,
 Cheese, an' stoups, an' glasses stood;
 Some war roarin', ithers sleepit,
 Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

Jock was sellin' Pate some tallow,
 A' the rest a racket hel',
 A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow,
 Sat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
 Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
 Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu',
 Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

"What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
 "Trowth your chafts are fa'ing in!
 "Something's wrang—I'm vext too see you,
 "Gudesake! but ye're desp'rate thin!"

"Aye," quo' Watty, "things are alter'd,
 "But it's past redemption now,
 "O! I wish I had been halter'd
 "When I marry'd Maggy Howe!

"I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,
 "Try'd wi' troubles no that sma';
 "Them I bore—but marrying Maggy
 "Laid the cape-stane o' them a'.

* Night and day she's ever yelpin',
 "Wi' the weans she ne'er can gree;
 "Whan she's tir'd wi' perfect skelpin',
 "Then she flees like fire on me.

* Sawing Timber.

"See ye, Mungo! when she'll clash on
 "Wi' her everlasting clack,
 "Whiles I've had my nieve, in passion,
 "Liftet up to break her back!"
 "O! for gudesake, keep frae cuffets!"
 Mungo shook his head and said,
 "Weel I ken what sort o' life it's;
 'Ken ye, Watty, how I did?
 'After Bess and I war kippl'd,
 'Soon she grew like ony bear,
 'Brak' my shins, and, when I tippl'd,
 'Harl'd out my very hair!
 'For a wee I quietly knuckl'd,
 'But whan naething wad prevail,
 'Up my claes and cash I buckl'd,
 'Bess! for ever fare ye weel.
 'Then her din grew less and less ay,
 'Haith I gart her change her tune:
 'Now a better wife than Bessy
 'Never step in leather shoon.
 'Try this, Watty.—Whan ye see her
 'Ragin' like a roarin' flood,
 'Swear *that moment* that ye'll lea' her
 'That's the way to keep her gude.'
 Laughing, sangs, and lasses' skirls,
 Echo'd now out thro' the roof,
 DONE! quo' Pate, and syne his arls
 Nail'd the Dryster's wauket loof.
 F' the thrang o' stories telling,
 Shaking han's, and joking queer,
 Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
 "Mungo! is our Watty here?"
 Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry,
 Dartet thro' him like a knife,
 Up the door flew—like a fury,
 In came Watty's scaulin' wife.
 "Nesty, gude-for-naething being!
 "O ye snuffy drucken sow!
 "Bringin' wife an' weans to ruin,
 "Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew?
 "Devil nor your legs war broken!
 "Sic a life nae flesh endures—
 "Toilin' like a slave, to sloken
 "You, ye dyvor, and your 'hores!
 "Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
 "Drink's your night and day's desire:

"Rise, this precious hour ! or faith I'll

"Fling your whisky i' the fire !"

Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd

Pay'd his groat wi' little din,

Left the house, while Maggy fallow'd,

Flyting a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door cam' lampin',

Maggy curst them ane and a',

Clappit wi' her han's and stampin',

Lost her bauchels i' the sna.'

Hame, at length, she turn'd the gavel,

Wi' a face as white's a clout,

Ragin' like a very devil,

Kicken stools and chairs about.

"Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round you !

"Hang you, Sir ! I'll be your death !

"Little hauds my han's confound you !

"But I cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha midst this oration

Ey'd her whiles, but durstna speak,

Sat like patient Resignation

Tremb'ling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,

Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,

Quietly to his bed he slippet,

Sighin' af'n to himsel'.

"Nane are free frae *some* vexation,

"Ilk ane has his ills to dree ;

"But thro' a' the hale creation

"Is a mortal vext like me !"

A' night lang he rowt and gauntet,

Sleep or rest he cou'dna tak ?

Maggy, aft wi' horror hauntet,

Mum'lin' startet at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,

Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,

Kiss'd his weanies while they sleepet,

Wakent Meg, and saught fareweel.

"Farewell, Meg !—And, O ! may Heav'n

"Keep you ay within his care :

"Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',

"Now he'll never fash you mair.

"Happy cou'd I been beside you,

"Happy baith at morn and e'en :

"A' the ills did e'er betide you,

"Watty ay turn'd out your frien'.

" But ye ever like to see me
 " Vext and sighin', late and air.—
 " Fareweel, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,
 " So thou'll never see me mair."

Meg a' sabbin', sae to lose him,
 Sic a change had never wist,
 Held his han' close to her bosom,
 While her heart was like to burst.

" O my Watty, will ye lea' me,
 " Frien'less, helpless, to despair!
 " O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
 " Never will I vex you mair."

" Aye, ye've aft said *that*, and broken
 " A' your vows ten times a-weak.
 " No, no, Meg! See!—there's a token
 " Glitt'ring on my bonnet cheek.

" Owre the seas I march this morning,
 " Listet, testet, sworn an' a',
 " Forc'd by your confounded girning;
 " Fareweel, Meg, for I'm awa."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
 Gusht afresh, and louder grew,
 While the weans, wi' mournful' yaumer
 Round their sabbin' mother flew.

" Thro' the yirth I'll waunor wi' you—
 " Stay, O Watty! stay at hame;
 " Here upo' my knees I'll gi'e you
 " Ony vow ye like to name.

" See your poor young lammies pleadin',
 " Will ye gang an' break our heart?
 " No a *house* to put our head in!
 " No a *frien'* to take our part."

Ilka word came like a bullet,
 Watty's heart begoud to shake;
 On a kist he laid his wallet,
 Dightet baith his een and spake.

" If ance mair I cou'd by writing,
 " Lea' the sodgers and stay still,
 " Wad you swear to drap you flyting?"
 " Yes, O Watty! yes, I will!"

" Then," quo' Watty, " mind, be honest:
 " Ay to keep your temper strive;
 " Gin ye break this dreadfu' promise,
 " Never mair expect to thrive.

" Marget Howe! this hour ye solemn
 " Swear by every thing that's gude

" Ne'er again your spouse to scaul' him,
 " While life warms your heart and blood :
 " That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's seek me,—
 " Ne'er put *drucken* to my name—
 " Never out at e'ening steek me—
 " Never gloom when I come hame:
 " That ye'll ne'er like Bessy Miller,
 " Kick my shins, or rug my hair—
 " Lastly, *I'm to keep the siller,*
 " This upo' your saul ye swear ?
 " Oh !"—quo' Meg, " Aweel," quo' Watty,
 " Fareweel !—faith I'll try the seas.'
 " O stan' still," quo' Meg, and grat ay ;
 " Ony, ony way ye please."

Maggy syne, because he prest her,
 Swore to a' thing owre again :
 Watty lap, and danc'd and kiss'd her ;
 Wow ! but he was won'rous fain.
 Down he threw his staff victorious ;
 Aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon ;
 Syne aneath the blankets, glorious !
 Held anither Hinny-Moon.

 FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

The Life* of the Late Arthur Murphy, Esq. Written by himself.
 [From Foote's Life of Murphy.]

WE are informed by Tacitus, that Biography was at an early period of Rome greatly in vogue ; and such was the wish of good and upright men to be known to posterity, that many thought fit to be their own historians, persuaded that in speaking of themselves, they should display an honest confidence in their moral conduct, not a spirit of arrogance or vain glory. He mentions

* The interruptions which this narrative received are apparent from the inequality of the composition. I did not think, however, that it would become me to make any alterations for the sake merely of giving the style a literary uniformity. It is written, in some parts, without any artificial transition, in the first and third persons, to something like an occasional confusion of the sense. But as the important purpose of ascertaining the facts which it relates, is completely answered by it, unless where it appeared to want perspicuity, I have considered its very imperfections as sacred ;—and I trust that the reader will sympathise with me in the venerating sentiment which has preserved the last pages of Mr. Murphy's pen, and the last exertions of his mind, from being corrected by me.

Rutilius and Soranus, who left an account of their own lives; and their veracity was never doubted. Of this practice there have been various instances in Italy and France. In England men have been less careful of their posthumous fame. We have, however, two modern examples: the celebrated David Hume has left a modest narrative of his own life: and after him, the late Mr. Gibbon, author of the *History of the Roman Empire*, left a record of himself; but he extended it to two quarto volumes, in a style perhaps too splendid and ostentatious.

The present writer intends to make David Hume his model. He flatters himself that his name will survive him; and should that be the case, he hopes that his wish to be fairly represented will not be deemed a mark of ambition. He has lived for some few years in a state of ease and retirement; and in that time he has observed, that many of his dramatic works, written forty or fifty years ago, are not discarded from the theatre. This he considers as something like posthumous fame. He applies to himself, and he hopes without vanity, what Pliny the younger said of a person, who, for some years before his death, retired from the world: *Posteritati sui interfecit*.—Martial has a similar thought: he says of his friend, *fruitur posteritate sua*.

This writer has read in various pamphlets what the publishers called the *History of his Life*, composed, indeed, with civility, but without due information; and though nothing of any consequence will occur in the following pages, a true and fair account will place his memory in its true light, and in that confidence he proceeds to tell a plain story.

Richard Murphy, a merchant in the city of Dublin, was this writer's father, by Jane French, who was married to him in 1723. She was one of the daughters of Arthur French, of Clooniquin, in the county of Roscommon, and of Tyrone, in the county of Galway: her offspring were two daughters, who died young, and three sons, James, Arthur, and Richard. The last died in his infancy; James was born at my father's house on George's Quay, in the city of Dublin, September 1725: of the present writer, a memorandum in his mother's Prayer Book says, he was born on the 27th of December, 1727, at Clooniquin, then the house of her eldest brother Arthur French. Richard Murphy, his father, sailed in one of his own trading vessels for Philadelphia, the 24th June, 1729, but it was an unfortunate voyage: the ship was lost, as there was reason to suppose, in a violent storm, and neither the master, nor any one of the ship's company, was ever heard of. From that time Mrs. Murphy continued in the house on George's Quay, which was built by her husband, and there bestowed all her attention on her two surviving sons, James and Arthur, till in December 1735, by the advice of her brother Jeffery French,

of Argyle-buildings, London, she sold all her property in Dublin, and removed with her young family to the metropolis.

This writer did not remain long in London: his mother's sister, Mrs. Plunkett, wife of Arthur Plunkett, of Castle Plunkett, in the county of Roscommon, being at that time settled at Boulogne with her family, she desired by letter that her nephew Arthur should be sent to her. Accordingly, the young adventurer, early in the year 1736, was embarked, and soon arrived at his aunt's house, which was large and commodious, in the Lower Town, near the church. Her family was large; no less than five sons and four daughters, who behaved with the greatest affection to young Arthur; till, in the beginning of 1738, Mrs. Plunkett was ordered by her physicians to the South of France, for the recovery of her health. On that occasion she sent her sons to their father, who was then in London, and placed her daughters in a convenient situation at Montreal. Young Murphy, then turned of ten years old, was sent to the English college at St. Omer's, and in that seminary he remained six years.*

In February 1734, he was of course placed in the lowest school, under the Rev. Mr. Stanley; and under him went through the second school in regular succession, till being at the head of rhetoric, and the first boy in the college, he was dismissed to London in 1744, being then 17 years old.

From the middle of the second year in *Great Figures*, young Murphy obtained the first place; and except three times maintained his ground throughout five successive years. One thing in particular he cannot help recording of himself: in the middle of the year in poetry, the young scholar stood a public examination of the *Aeneid* by heart. The jesuits were arranged in order, and several gentlemen from the town were invited. The rector of the college examined his young pupil, and never once found him at fault: at the end of half an hour, the rector took a pen to write Murphy's eulogium. It should have been premised, that all the scholars went by assumed names; Murphy changed his to Arthur French.† The words of the rector were, '*Gallus nomine, Gallus es, qui simul ac alas expandis, cæteros supervolitas.*' This

* There were six schools divided from each other by the following inscriptions:—1°. and Lowest Little Figures; 2°. Great Figures; 3°. Grammar; 4°. Syntax; 5°. Poetry; 6°. Rhetoric. The boys passed a year in each, under one and the same master, who began in the lowest, and at the end of the year went on to the second, taking with him such boys as he thought fit to go forward. In this manner he went on till the end of rhetoric, when the scholars left the College.

† I understand there is an Act of Parliament which prohibits natives of the British dominions from being educated in Catholic seminaries abroad; for which reason, to avoid conviction, the boys underwent a temporary change of their names.

at the time filled me with exultation ; and even now is remembered by me with a degree of pleasure. I cannot quit this head, without saying, that I often look back with delight to my six years' residence in the College of St. Omer's. During that time I knew no object of attention but Greek and Latin ; and I have ever thought, and still think it, the happiest period of my life.

In July 1744, I arrived at my mother's in York-buildings. My eldest brother James soon came home from his morning walk, and embraced me with great affection. In a day or two after, my uncle Jeffery French, then member of parliament for Milbourn Port, came to see me. He talked with me for some time about indifferent things ; and then, repeating a line from Virgil, asked me if I could construe it? I told him I had the whole *Æneid* by heart. He made me repeat ten or a dozen lines, and then said, 'If I have fifty acres of land to plough, and can only get two labouring men to work at two acres *per* day, how many days will it take to do the whole?', 'Sir!' said I, staring at him. 'Can't you answer that question?' said he ; 'Then I would not give a farthing for all you know. Get Cocker's Arithmetic ; you may buy it for a shilling at any stall ; and mind me, young man, did you ever hear *mass* while you was abroad :?' 'Sir, I did, like the rest of the boys.' Then, mark my words ; let me never hear that you go to *mass* again ; it is a mean, beggarly, blackguard religion.' He then arose, stepped into his chariot, and drove away. My mother desired me not to mind his violent advice : But my brother, who was educated at Westminster school, spoke strongly in support of my uncle's opinion, and he never gave up the point till he succeeded to his utmost wish.

James soon after went to the Temple to study the law, and this writer remained with his mother in York-buildings, till the month of August 1747: he was then sent by his uncle to the house of Edmund Harold, an eminent merchant in Cork, and there remained a clerk in the compting-house till April 1749 ; having first attended at Mr. Webster's academy near the Mews, where he was taught to cast accompts, and instructed in the Italian method of book-keeping. On his uncle's arrival in Dublin, he ordered his nephew to meet him at Headford, in the county of Galway, the seat of Lord St. George, but at that time occupied by Arthur French, of Tyrone, nephew to Jeffery French. Nor can I pass by the city of Cork without acknowledging the civilities I received from the eminent merchants there. A more hospitable, polite, and generous people, it has not been my lot ever to have known.

I reached Headford ; and, in a few days after my arrival, Jeffery French came there, with his intimate friend M. Dodwell, of Golden-square, a gentleman of great taste and eminence in literature. In about ten or twelve days, they both set off for Dublin,

while I had directions to remain in the country, till such time as my uncle should write to me. In August 1749, I received a letter from Argyle-buildings, ordering me to repair to Dublin, where I should receive further directions from Dillon the banker. I was there informed that I must embark, in a ship then ready, for Jamaica, where Jeffery French was possessed of a large estate. Upon this I wrote to my mother, who in her answer desired me to return immediately to London. I obeyed her order; and from her house wrote to my uncle, as she desired: my uncle, was enraged at what he called wilful disobedience, and from that moment would never see me. He imputed to me a love of idleness; but, to remove his suspicions, Alderman Ironside, at that time an eminent banker in Lombard-street, was so polite as to invite me to a station in his compting-house; where I was treated with the greatest civility. At the end of a year, finding that nothing made an impression on Jeffery French, I took leave of Alderman Ironside, where I had remained till the end of 1751.

The playhouses at that time had great attractions. Quin, at Covent-garden, and Garrick, at Drury-lane, drew crowded houses. There were besides, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Clive, and that excellent comedian Harry Woodward. London at that time had many advantages, which have been long since lost. There were a number of coffee-houses where the town wits met every evening; particularly the Bedford, in the *Piazza*, Covent-garden, and George's, at Temple-bar. Young as I was, I made my way to those places, and there, among the famous geniuses of the time, I saw Samuel Foote and Doctor Barrowby, who was a celebrated wit of that day. Foote, at a table in the Doctor's company, drew out his watch with great parade, and then said, 'my watch does not go.'—'It will go,' said Dr. Barrowby; and Foote was abashed by a loud laugh.

Another well-known person at that time, namely, the famous Doctor Hill, author of a daily paper called *The Inspector*, was a constant visitor at the Bedford. The Doctor's essays were weak and frivolous to such a degree, that, though then *not two and twenty*, I flattered myself that I could overtop Dr. Hill. I passed a few weeks in making preparations; and on Saturday, October 21, 1752, most boldly and vainly published the first number of *The Gray's Inn Journal*.

The encouragement I met with emboldened me to persevere: and from that time I went on with great alacrity, without any thing to stop me in my career; till, in the month of October 1753, a very extraordinary occurrence interrupted me in my course.

There are a few persons still living who remember all the circumstances of the affair.*

I went on with the *Gray's Inn Journal* without interruption, even though a circumstance occurred unfavourable to our mother's expectations; for my uncle Jeffery French had at this time almost closed his career. Having agreed with the Duke of Bedford he set out with Mr. Rigby to be chosen member of parliament for Tavistock in Devonshire. The election being over, he went to Bath, in an ill state of health, and died there in the beginning of May 1754. His will being opened, it appeared that my name was not so much as mentioned. The Jamaica estate and about 900*l.* per annum, in the county of Roscommon, were left to James Plunkett, Esq. who was my first cousin, a very gentleman-like and elegant man. This to me was a terrible disappointment, the more so as I then was in debt no less than 300*l.*; a sum, that seemed sufficient to overwhelm me.

The late Samuel Foote was, at that time my intimate friend and chief adviser: he bade me do as he had done, and go on the stage. I approved his advice, so far as to let it be given out that I intended to pursue that scheme, in hopes that my relations, who by my mother's side were rich and numerous, would take some step to prevent what I imagined they would think a disgrace to themselves. I heard nothing from any of them; they all seemed indifferent about me, and therefore I concluded the *Gray's Inn Journal* on the 21st of September 1754, and, in a short time afterwards, appeared at Covent-garden in the character of Othello.

In the course of that season I contrived, with œconomy, to clear off a considerable part of my debts. Mr. David Garrick engaged me for the following year at Drury-lane, when, includ-

* Here Mr. Murphy proceeds to give a narrative of a quarrel he had with Mr. Macnamara Morgan. He has extended the account of it to five pages out of the eighteen of which his life, written by himself, is formed. It has been judged too uninteresting to be detailed in this place. The late Mr. Angelo was Mr. Murphy's friend upon that occasion: indeed, it so happened that Mr. Murphy and myself found ourselves, five years ago, in the same box with Mr. Angelo at Convent-garden theatre, to see Mr. Cooke perform the part of Richard the Third. This duel became the subject of their conversation, and I then understood that Mr. Murphy had acquitted himself much to Mr. Angelo's satisfaction.

Mr. Macnamara Morgan was a barrister in Dublin. He contracted a close friendship with Mr. Barry, the celebrated actor, through whose influence a tragedy of his, founded on a part of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, was brought on the stage in 1754; it was entitled *Philoclea*. Mr. Morgan died in the year 1762.

The foundation of this quarrel was owing to Mr. Morgan having intruded himself upon Mr. Murphy in his social hours, and produced a pamphlet from his pocket, tending to lower Mr. Garrick as an actor, and preferring Mr. Barry to him. Mr. Murphy not only took offence at his manner of doing it, but would not suffer his favourite and friend, Mr. Garrick, to be thus treated. A quarrel consequently ensued.

ing salary, profits of the farce called the apprentice, and a generous support of my friends, on my benefit night, I cleared within a trifle of 800*l*. I had now, after paying off all my debts, about 400*l*. in my pocket; and with that sum I determined to quit the dramatic line: this was in the summer of 1756.

In the beginning of 1757, I offered to enter myself a student of the Middle Temple? but the *benchers* of that society thought fit to object to me, assigning as their reason, that I had appeared in the profession of an actor. This kindled in my breast a degree of indignation, and I was free enough to speak my mind on the occasion. I was obliged, however, to sit down under the affront; and being at the time employed in a weekly paper, called *The Test*, my thoughts were fixed entirely on that work. It was an undertaking in favour of Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. The Newcastle administration was overturned by the resignation of Mr. Fox, then Secretary of State; and an interval of four or five months ensued without any regular ministry; when the Duke of Devonshire, to fill a post absolutely necessary, agreed to be, during that time, First Lord of the Treasury. The contention for fixing a ministry lay between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox; and, during that time, the *Test* went on in favour of the latter: but, at length, the city of London declared, in a most open manner, in favour of Pitt and Legge, made them both free of the city, and invited them to a sumptuous entertainment at Guildhall. From this time, the contest between the rivals ceased; Mr. Legge was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Pitt Secretary of State, and Mr. Fox paymaster of the Forces.

My weekly lucubrations of course terminated: nor, during their publication I had ever seen Mr. Fox: at length, in August 1757, I was invited to dine at Holland House. The company were, Horace Walpole, Mr. Calcraft, and Peter Taylor, who was soon after made Deputy Paymaster of the Forces, and went to the army then commanded by Prince Ferdinand. Mr. Fox was a consummate master of polite manners, and possessed a brilliant share of wit. It happened, after dinner, that the present Charles Fox, then about thirteen years old, came home from Eton School. His father was delighted to see him; and, "Well, Charles," said he, "do you bring any news from Eton?—" "News! None at all! Hold! I have some news. I went up to Windsor to pay a fruit woman seven shillings that I owed her; the woman stared; and said, are you son to that there Fox that is member for our town? Yes, I am his son. Po, I won't believe it: if you were his son, I never should receive this money." Mr. Fox laughed heartily; "And, here Charles; here's a glass of wine for your story." Mr. Charles Fox seemed, on that day, to promise those great abilities which have since blazed out with so much lustre.

The contemptuous treatment I had met with at the Temple occurred to Mr. Fox, and he spoke of it in terms of strong disapprobation. In about a week after, he desired to see me at Holland House, and then told me, that he had seen Lord Mansfield, who expressed his disapprobation of the benchers of the Temple, in a style of liberality and elegant sentiment which was peculiar to that refined genius. Lord Mansfield accordingly desired me to offer myself as a student to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, where I might be sure of a genteel reception. I obeyed this direction without delay; and I now feel, with gratitude the polite behaviour I met with from that Society. This was in the year 1757. I now attended to the law; at the same time I followed Lord Coke's advice, who says, *Quod sapiunt ultro sacris legis in camænis*. The consequence was, that in the beginning of 1758, I produced the farce of *The Upholsterer*, which owed its prodigious success to the acting of Garrick, Yates, Woodward, and Mrs. Clive. In the course of this year, 1758, I parted with my brother: he sailed in the month of August 1758, for the Island of Jamaica, where he went to practise at the Bar. In the month of November following I received a letter from him, dated at ———; and the next account was, to me, most melancholy; as it informed me of his death within a month after he landed. A trunk, containing his papers and letters, was all the property he had to leave, and that came to my hands. Before the end of this year, I finished *The Orphan of China*, of which I need not say any thing, as I have given a full account of it in the life of Garrick. The muse still kept possession of me, and early in 1760 I produced *The Desert Island*, and *The Way to keep Him*, in three acts; which, in the following season 1761, I enlarged to a comedy of five acts. The season at Drury-lane play-house closed in the beginning of June, and then the celebrated Sam Foote proposed a plan for taking Drury-lane theatre during the summer months. Of this an account is also given in the Life of Garrick, and therefore may be passed by here, without a word more; except, that in the course of that summer I produced the comedy of *All in the Wrong*, *The Citizen* and the *Old Maid*. I now dedicated my whole time to the study of the law, and continued so to do till the end of Trinity term 1762, when I was called to the bar. Some little interruption, however, I must acknowledge, from my engagement in *The Auditor* in defence of Lord Bute against *The North Briton*, the production of Mr. Wilkes.

In the summer, 1763, I went the Norfolk circuit, induced by the advice of my good friend Mr. Serjeant Whitaker, a man of infinite wit and humour, and of the highest honour. Being my first adventure, I could not expect to glean much; in fact, I re-

turned to town with an empty purse. My friend Mr. Foote, who never spared his joke, said on the occasion, "Murphy went the circuit in the stage coach, and came home in the basket." In Trinity term, 1764, I made my first effort at the bar, in the cause entitled Menaton and Athawes. I was counsel on the part of the plaintiff, and Mr. Dunning was counsel for the defendant. The court divided with me: and Lord Mansfield, in his elegant speech on the occasion, gave me the most flattering encouragement. Accordingly, I applied with diligence, and attended the King's Bench with great regularity; but the muse still had hold of me, and occasionally stole me away from Coke upon Littleton. Accordingly I produced the farce, called, *Three Weeks after Marriage*, and in the year 1768 the tragedy of *Zenobia*, in which Barry and Mrs. Barry, who were then engaged at Drury-lane theatre, made a most distinguished figure. I went on with tolerable success at the bar: but I followed Lord Coke's advice.

In the year 1772, I produced the tragedy of *The Grecian Daughter*, in which Mrs. Barry acquired immortal honour. In the following year, my friend Mr. Harris prevailed on me to give the tragedy of *Alzuma* to Convent-garden theatre; and in 1777, Garrick having abdicated, the same gentleman obtained from me the comedy of *Know your own mind*. This is the last piece I brought on the stage.

The law now entirely engaged my time till the year 1780, when Lord George Gordon's mob set fire to Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury square. The Noble Lord, in a kind of disguise, made his escape before the flames blazed out. His Lordship was astonished at the violent rage of the incendiaries: he never imagined that they would set fire to the house of the Chief Justice of England.—From that time his spirit began to droop; and it was to me the greatest mortification, to see that exalted genius sinking every day, till I saw him, who stood above all competition, dwindle into inferiority, and become no more than a mere common judge.

From that time I had no kind of pleasure in attending at the bar: I still, however, continued to go the Norfolk circuit, when the death of Mr. Serjeant Whitaker, and two or three more, advanced me to the station of senior counsel. In that employment I remained till 1787, when, on the last day of Trinity term, to my great astonishment, the Chancellor took into his carriage a junior to me on the circuit to St. James's—to kiss his Majesty's hand as king's counsel. This was done with the greatest secrecy; not a word transpiring till the very day on which it was completed. The effect this had on my mind was the more felt by me, as from former connexion with Lord Thurlow I had reason to expect a very different kind of treatment. I accord-

ingly resolved, without a moment's hesitation, to go the circuit no more ; as I was determined not to be an opening counsel under a person who had been four years my junior. Mr. Partridge was the person thus suddenly advanced over my head : I had no particular objection to him ; for in fact he was a man of amiable manners. In a few days, he sent me a card of invitation to dinner ; but I declined it with all due civility. Soon after Mr. Partridge called upon me, at my chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, and pressed me to go the circuit ; but I told him, I was determined to quit it entirely. He still continued to urge his request ; I told him he must excuse the manner in which I should give my final answer, which was as follows ;—As he was a little man, not much higher than my shoulder, I observed to him, that there had been exhibited as a spectacle the *Tall Irishman*, and at the same time the *Norfolk Dwarf* ; now, said I, the *Tall Irishman* will not travel with the *Norfolk Dwarf*. He affected to laugh, and thus ended our connexion. I kept my word, and in the month of July 1788, sold my chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, and retired altogether from the bar.

I now bought a house in Hammersmith town, and there prepared my translation of *Tacitus* for the press, which was published in July 1793. I ventured to print it on my own account ; and George Robinson, of Paternoster-Row, was the publisher. I shall not here state an account of the treatment I met with from that man, nor shall I mention the like behaviour from the late Thomas Cadell ; they are both dead, and peace be to their ashes. From that time I continued to amuse myself with literary matters : the tragedy of *Arminias* ; the *Force of Conscience*, being an imitation of the 13th Satire of Juvenal, with the Life of Garrick, were the productions of three or four years. Besides those pieces, a Latin translation of Addison's Epistle to Lord Halifax from Italy, with an ode prefixed to Lord Loughborough, now Lord Rosslyn, served to fill up my time. If I shall have health enough, my intention is to write the Life of Samuel Foote : a man, to whose company I owed some of the greatest pleasures of my life, and whose memory I now esteem and value. That, if I should be able to accomplish it, will end my literary career. The polite attention of Lord Loughborough (then Chancellor) has made the deepest impression on my mind : such was the friendship of that noble Lord, with whom I was intimately acquainted from the year 1757, when he was called to the bar, that he wrote a letter to me, desiring that he might appoint me a commissioner of bankrupts. My answer to his Lordship was, that I felt it very awkward to receive again what I had voluntarily resigned in 1780 ; so the matter rested for six months, when I took the liberty to request a favour of his Lordship :—his answer was, ' that what

I asked was not in his department ;' but, said his Lordship, ' Why not let me make you a commissioner of bankrupts ; I know why you resigned, but you will never have those reasons as long as I hold the great seal.' His Lordship added, ' that a gentleman who then held the office, would resign it, as soon as I should be ready to accept it.' Upon this all my scruples vanished, and from that time I attended the business at Guildhall, till my declining health obliged me a second time to resign the office; which I did, to Lord Eldon, who, after a most kind remonstrance on the occasion, which I am proud to mention, did me the honour to receive it.

I have now gone through the several particulars of my life, and I have stated every thing with the strictest truth. I know that it is of no kind of importance ; but if I am to be mentioned hereafter, I am desirous that it should be with exact conformity to the real state of the case. When I look back, I can see, that in many instances I was too careless, and did not sufficiently attend to my own interest ; but the fact is, I never set a great value on money : if I had enough to carry me through, I was content ; but though I can accuse myself of neglect of my own interest, I thank God I cannot fix on any action inconsistent with moral rectitude.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

I have lately found in the hands of one of my parishioners, an original document, issued by the Pope, in the year 1758, against a professional man of this place, for having renounced the errors of the church of Rome. As many of your readers may never have met with so horrid a specimen of papal excommunication, I will subjoin a copy for insertion in the Christian Observer, if you think it worth observing.

I am, yours,

MATT. PLACE.

Hampreston, Dec. 1811.

The Pope's Curse, Bell, Book, and Candle, on a Heretic, at Hampreston.

BY the authority of the blessed Virgin Mary, of St. Peter and Paul, and of the holy saints, we excommunicate, we utterly curse and ban, commit, and deliver to the devil of hell, Henry Goldney, of Hampreston, in the county of Dorset, as an infamous heretic, that hath, in spite of God, and of St. Peter, whose church this is, in spite of all holy saints, and in spite of our holy father the Pope (God's vicar here on earth), and of the reverend and worshipful the canons, masters, priests, jesuits, and clerks of our holy church, committed the heinous crimes of sacrilege with the images of our holy saints, and forsaken our most holy religion, and continues in heresy, blasphemy, and corrupt lust. Excom-

municate be he finally, and delivered over to the devil as a perpetual malefactor and schismatic. Accursed be he, and given soul and body to the devil, to be buffeted. Cursed be he in all holy cities and towns, in fields and ways, in houses and out of houses, and in all other places, standing, lying, or rising, walking, running, waking, sleeping, eating, drinking, and whatsoever he does besides. We separate him from the threshold; from all the good prayers of the church; from the participation of holy mass; from all sacraments, chapels, and altars; from holy bread and holy water; from all the merits of our holy priests and religious men, and from all their cloisters; from all their pardons, privileges, grants, and immunities, all the holy fathers (popes of Rome) have granted to them; and we give him over utterly to the power of the devil; and we pray to our Lady, and St. Peter and Paul, and all holy saints, that all the senses of his body may fail him, and that he may have no feeling, except he come openly to our beloved priest at Stapehill,* in time of mass, within thirty days from the third time of pronouncing hereof by our dear priest there, and confess his heinous, heretical, and blasphemous crimes, and by true repentance make satisfaction to our Lady, St. Peter, and the worshipful company of our holy church of Rome, and suffer himself to be buffeted, scourged, and spit upon, as our said dear priest, in his goodness, holiness, and sanctity shall direct and prescribe.

"Given under the seal of our holy church at Rome, the tenth day of August, in the year of our Lord Christ one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight, and in the first year of our pontificate. "C. R. †"

"8th of October, 1758, pronounced the first time.

"15th of ditto, pronounced the second time.

"22d of ditto, pronounced the third time."

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PRIVATE LIFE OF QUEEN ANNE AND HER FAVOURITES.

"—Here, thou great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes council take! and sometimes tea!" POPE.

ANNE STEWART, the second daughter of James II. by Lady Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, was born in 1675.

This princess, descended from an ancient race of kings on one side, and from the dregs of the people on the other, is described

* At Stapehill there is still a chapel, and a female convent of the order of La Trappe.

† C. R., I suppose, must mean Church of Rome.

as comely while young, and considered to have become majestic as she approached old age; her voice too was harmonious; her disposition easy and gentle; she was taciturn to a singular degree: but her capacity always appeared to be very limited: notwithstanding which, she was respected on account of her prudence, while yet a subject, and became extremely popular as a sovereign. The appellation of the *good* Queen Anne expresses more than a volume on this head. But, on the other hand, she was jealous of her prerogative;* and, in addition to this, exhibited another peculiarity, common to all her family: she was regulated, in respect to public affairs, by the minions of her own choice; and these in their turn were sometimes the dupes of those very ministers whom they had either supported or created.

During the reign of her father, she married Prince George of Denmark, by whom she had several children, none of which survived her. He happily possessed none of that ambition which has been termed 'the infirmity of noble minds;' and, after being treated with great contempt during the life of the preceding monarch, on the accession of his own consort, was content with the office of Lord High Admiral, and the reversion of 100,000*l.* per annum, settled by a parliamentary provision, in case he should survive her, an event which did not occur.

Her majesty, while Princess of Denmark, was influenced by Lady Churchill, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, exactly in the same manner as Mary de Medicis had been governed about half a century before, by her Italian favourite the Marechale Concini. They had been playfellows when young, and it must be owned that Lady C. from her superior talents, was capable of managing a weak female, of exalted rank and pretensions, with a considerable degree of ability. There are few whigs too but will be inclined to think, that the wars and services of the Duke of Marlborough tended not a little to the glory and stability, even if they detracted from the wealth and resources, of the nation. Her power and ascendancy, however, were but too apparent; for her temper was haughty, violent and perhaps insolent, in the extreme; yet, it is not to be credited, that she conducted herself so very offensively as has been asserted; for it cannot possibly be supposed, that favorite would make her majesty carry her gloves, or affect to feel disagreeable smells, on the approach of her royal mistress!

King James II. never attempted violence in respect to his daughter's religion. It was obvious, even in her youth, that the princess entertained no common liking for the church of Eng-

* It appears from Lord Bolingbroke's "Letters on History," vol. 2, that she was accustomed to impose silence on her ministers, at the Council Board, by holding up her fan to her mouth; this signal precluded all debate!

land; it was actually a *passion*, and this was so well known to Mr. Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, that he and Mrs. Masham are accused of having recourse to the successful artifice of representing 'the church in danger,' with a view of undermining the power of their enemies. But, although His Majesty did not recur to force, he was obliged by his *conscience* to have recourse to persuasion; he accordingly put certain books and papers into his daughter's hands, and employed Lady Tyrconnel to induce Lady Churchill to aid and assist on the occasion.

As a child, the conduct of Queen Anne is not very likely ever to be the subject of eulogium; for, in the critical hour of difficulty and danger, she abandoned her kind father, fled in the night to the West, and together with her husband, joined her brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange, now become his rival and his enemy. But she doubtless saw every thing through the eyes of her female adviser, and like her, perhaps, having never read, nor employed her time in any thing but playing at cards, was so simple a creature, as never once dreamt of his being king.* William and his consort appear at first to have been grateful, and indeed the accession of the daughter and son-in-law of the reigning sovereign to their party, must have doubtless been attended with the most beneficial consequences. The measure of resigning her birthright to the Prince of Orange, and assenting to his being king for life, must also have been pleasing, although this was not effected without a previous secret opposition, too weak to be successful, and yet too obvious not to prove offensive.

At length a coolness first, and then an open rupture, ensued, and the Duchess of Marlborough, afterwards alluding to this in the reign of George I. observes, 'that, whatever good qualities Queen Mary had to make her popular, it is evident, by many instances, that she wanted *bowels*. Of this,' it is added, 'she seemed to give an unquestionable proof the first day she came to White-hall. I was one of those who had the honour to wait on her apartment. She ran about it, looking into every closet and conveniency; and, turning up the quilt upon the bed, as people do when they come to an inn, and with no other sort of concern in her appearance, but such as they express: a behaviour which, though at that time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought very strange and unbecoming. For, whatever necessity there was of exposing King James, he was still her father, who had been so lately driven from that chamber and that bed; and, if she felt no tenderness, I thought she should at least have looked grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of fortune.'

* Letter from the Duchess of Malborough to Lord ———.

Her royal highness obtained the Duchess of Portsmouth's lodgings at White-hall, but was unable to procure apartments adjoining these for her domestics, although she offered to give the whole of the Cockpit in exchange. The queen, her sister, wishing to gratify the Duke of Devonshire with the *option*, the princess answered 'she would stay where she was, for she would not have my Lord Devonshire's leavings!' On expressing a wish, soon after, for the house at Richmond for her children, her highness experienced a broad refusal, although unoccupied by any other persons than Madame Possaire, a sister of Lady Orkney, and Mr. Hill.

On the disgrace of Lord Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, in the time of King William, the queen insisted on the princess parting with his lady; but this was refused, and on the *confidante's* being forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain, to 'continue any longer at the Cockpit,' her royal highness withdrew from court, and borrowed Sion of the Duke of Somerset.

On the prospect of a parliamentary provision, moved for by the princess's friends, the queen, after receiving this communication from her royal highness, replied with a very imperious air, 'What friends have you but the queen and me?' The annual revenue of 50,000*l.* was however settled by both houses, and at length assented to by the king. On this occasion, Lord and Lady Churchill interested themselves openly, which conduct produced an offer of 1000*l.* a year; this they nobly declined, but many years after meanly recollected, and accepted with a very bad grace.

As the princess, at this period, corresponded with her favorite, whom she called *Freeman* under the assumed name of *Morley*, it may not be amiss here to introduce a note written on this occasion, in consequence of some little delay, on the part of her highness's treasurer:

"'Tis long since I mentioned this thing to dear Mrs. Freeman. She has all the reason in the world to believe I did not mean what I said, or that I have changed my mind, which are both so ill qualities, that I cannot bear you should have cause to think your faithful Morley incapable of being guilty of either."

The next difference that occurred between the royal sisters, proceeded from a wish on the part of the Prince of Denmark, to serve at sea. On his majesty's (King William) expedition to Flanders, he asked and obtained, as he imagined, his majesty's permission to repair on board-ship as a volunteer; but this was not allowed; for, after his baggage had been actually sent down, the queen dispatched Lord Nottingham, in form, to forbid this step.

Notwithstanding all this, the breach might have been healed, had not a new event occurred. The princess being near her time, sent Sir Benjamin Bathurst 'to present her humble duty to the queen, and acquaint her that she was much worse than she used to be.' The royal sister, however, did not think fit either to see the messenger, or return any answer; notwithstanding which, when delivered of a child, that died some minutes after, Lady Charlotte Beverwaret was dispatched with the intelligence, and her majesty, attended by the Ladies Derby and Scarborough, repaired to Sion. But the queen never asked how she did, and, even in that condition, insisted on the removal of Lady Marlborough; while Lady Derby, although recommended by the sick princess as groom of the stable, on her majesty's accession, never went to the bedside, or made the least inquiry after the health of her patroness.

The following letter to a nobleman, who was supposed to possess Queen Mary's entire confidence, and aspired to govern both sisters, will at least serve to prove that Queen Anne, when only princess of Denmark, knew how to express herself with a certain degree of dignity, if not of haughtiness.

"I give you many thanks for the compliments and expressions of service which you make me in your letter, which I should be much better pleased with than I am, if I had any reason to think them sincere. It is a great mortification to me, to find that I still continue under the misfortune of the queen's displeasure. I had hopes, in time, the occasion of it would have appeared as little reasonable to the queen, as it has always done to me. And, if you would have persuaded me of the sincerity of your intentions, as you seemed to desire, you must give me leave to say, I cannot think it very hard to convince me of it, by the effects. And, till then, I must beg leave to be excused, if I am apt to think this great mortification which has been given me, cannot have proceeded from the queen's own temper, who, I am persuaded, is both more just in herself than that comes to, as well as more kind to

"Your very affectionate friend,

"ANNE."

To the Earl of Rochester.

Immediately after this, the queen sent to Lady Grace Pierpont, to desire that she would not go to the princess, adding, 'that if she did, she should not come to her, for she would see nobody that went to her sister.' The answer, which is as follows, was deemed very uncourtly: 'that she thought she owed a respect to the princess; that she had been civilly treated by her; and that if her majesty would not allow her to pay her duty to her, she would go no more to the queen, and the oftener to the

princess.' But this generous example of refusing meanly to submit to an unreasonable order, was followed by very few, except by the Jacobite ladies, who rejoiced greatly at the quarrel. The dowager Lady Thanet having declined by letter, and pleaded the royal command, the princess wrote her the following note :

" It is no small addition to my unhappiness in the queen's displeasure, that I am deprived by it, of the satisfaction of seeing my friends, especially of such as seem desirous to see me, and to find by those late commands, which her majesty has given you, that her unkindness to me is to have no end. The only comfort I have in these great hardships is, to think how little I have deserved them from the queen. And that thought, I hope, will help me to support them with less impatience. I am the less surprised at the strictness of the queen's command to you, upon this occasion, since I find she can be so very unkind to Madam,

" Your's, &c. ANNE."

When the princess retired to Bath for her health, an official letter was sent to the mayor, not to attend her highness in state to church. This good man was a tallow-chandler, and had been accustomed until then, to wait on the princess, in order to conduct her thither, every Sunday. Mrs. Morley expresses herself thus on the occasion, to her bosom friend, Mrs. Freeman.

" I fancied yesterday, when the mayor failed in the ceremony of going to church with me, that he was commanded not to do it. I think 'tis a thing to be laughed at. And if they imagine either to vex me or gain upon me by such sort of usage, they will be mightily disappointed. And I hope these foolish things they do will every day show people more and more what they are, and that they truly deserve the name your faithful Morley has given them."

While in town, her royal highness, instead of the Cockpit, as formerly, now resided at Berkeley-house ; and, as she frequented St. James's Church, the rector was forbid to lay the text upon her cushion as formerly, or take any more notice of her than of other people. But, as this happened to be a spirited ecclesiastic, he refused compliance, without some order from the crown in writing ; which not being granted, he proceeded with the usual ceremonial as before. What was perhaps more mortifying to a princess, was the withdrawing the detachment of guards, that had always, until now, done duty over her highness.

On the demise of her royal sister, some little attention was paid to the Princess Anne, who was now next heir to the king, by Act of Parliament, and who, if title by blood had been of any avail, would have enjoyed the crown before him. She accordingly, on a day, and at a time appointed, repaired to his palace at Kensington, and was received with extraordinary civility. Her court being resumed as usual, the nobility flocked to Berke-

ley-house, a circumstance which occasioned the "half-witted Lord Caernarvon," to say one night to the princess, as he stood close by her in the circle, 'I hope your highness will remember, that I came to wait upon you when none of this company did.' This remark, true in itself, but assuredly ill-timed, caused a great deal of mirth. Lord Portland seemed to be averse from this reconciliation; but, as his influence was on the decline, and Lord Sunderland, and still more the new favourite, the Earl of Albemarle, thought fit to pay their court to the rising sun, it was both effected and confirmed. Yet, it appears, that her highness was not treated with any very ceremonious respect at Kensington, being generally met by no higher a person than a page of the backstairs, and permitted to withdraw without any attendance; Lord Jersey, then chamberlain, having conducted her but once or twice.

The following epistle, written by the future queen to the reigning monarch, has been censured as too obsequious, by her then *confidante*.

" Sir,

" Though I have been unwilling to give you the trouble of a letter upon any other occasion, yet upon one so glorious to your majesty as the taking of Namur, I hope you will give me leave to congratulate your success, which don't please me so much upon any other account, as for the satisfaction that I am sensible your majesty must needs feel in this great addition to the reputation of your arms. And I beg leave, sir, to assure you, that, as nobody is more nearly concerned in your interest, so no body wishes more heartily for your happiness and prosperity at home, than

Your's, &c.

ANNE."

No answer was ever sent to this courteous epistle; the prince too, on wishing to go in mourning to court, on account of the king of Denmark's recent death, was refused to be received out of colours; while the Duke of Gloucester's establishment, instead of fifty thousand pounds, as had been hinted, was reduced to fifteen thousand pounds a-year. All these contributed to produce a fresh coolness: and perhaps another rupture would have ensued, had not the king's demise, in 1702, elevated the princess to the throne, at the mature age of thirty-seven. But, anterior to this, she had sustained a great domestic affliction, by the death of her only son, the Duke of Gloucester, a calamity equally sudden, afflicting, and unexpected.

The charms of royalty, however, seem for a while to have obliterated, or at least to have suspended, her griefs.* The two great

* Her Majesty, however, was ever after accustomed to subscribe herself, in all letters to the favourite, written posterior to this event, "your poor, unfortunate, faithful,
MORLEY."

parties in the nation looked up to her for favour and support, but she threw herself and her affairs almost entirely into the hands of the Tories.

“The queen,” says the duchess, “had from her infancy imbibed the most unconquerable prejudices against the Whigs. She had been taught to look upon them all, not only as republicans who hated the very shadow of royal authority, but as implacable enemies to the church of England. This aversion to the whole party had been confirmed by the ill usage she had met with from her sister and King William, which, though perhaps more owing to Lord Rochester, than to any man then living, was now to be all charged to the account of the Whigs. And Prince George, her husband, who had been also ill treated in that reign, threw into the scale his resentments. On the other hand, the Tories had the advantage, not only of the queen’s early prepossession in their favour, but of their having assisted her in the late reign, in the affair of her settlement. It was indeed evident that they had done this, more in opposition to King William, than from any real respect from the Princess of Denmark. But still they had served her; and, the winter before she came to the crown, they had, in the same spirit of opposition to the king, and in prospect of his death, paid her more than usual civilities and attendance.

“It is no great wonder, therefore, all these things considered, that as soon as she was seated on the throne, the Tories (whom she usually called by the agreeable name of the *church-party*) became the distinguished objects of the royal favour. Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, was pitched upon by herself to preach her consecration sermon, and to be her chief counsellor in church matters; and her privy council was filled with Tories. My Lord Normanby (soon after Duke of Buckingham), the Earls of Jersey and Nottingham, Sir Edward Seymour, with many others of the high-flyers, were brought into place; Sir Nathan Wright was continued in possession of the great seal of England, and the Earl of Rochester in the lieutenancy of Ireland. These were men who had all a wonderful zeal for the church; a sort of public merit that eclipsed all others in the eyes of the queen. And I am firmly persuaded, that notwithstanding her extraordinary affection for me, and the entire devotion which my Lord Marlborough and my Lord Godolphin had for many years shewn to her service, they would not have had so great a share of her favour and confidence, if they had not been reckoned in the number of the Tories.”

One of the very first acts of her majesty’s reign, was to advance four Tory commoners to the peerage, (the Lords Grenville, Guernsey, Gower, and Conway,) and it was with great dif-

faculty, that the favourite could obtain a patent for a Whig,* merely on account of his political principles. Such indeed was her influence at this moment, that the queen consulted her on her speech from the throne, &c. as may be seen from the following letter :

St. James's, Saturday, the 24th October, (1702.)

"I am very glad to find, by a letter from my dear Mrs. Freeman's, that I was *blest* with yesterday, that she liked my speech ; but I cannot help being extremely concerned, you are so partial to the Whigs ; because I would not have you and your poor, unfortunate, faithful, Morley, differ in opinion in the least thing. What I said, when I writ last upon this subject, does not proceed from any insinuations of the other party ; but I know the principles of the church of England, and I know those of the Whigs, and it is that and no other reason, which makes me think as I do of the last. And, upon my word, my dear Mrs. Freeman, you are mightily mistaken in your notion of a true Whig : for the character you give of them does not in the least belong to them, but to the church.

"I am at this time in great haste, and therefore can say no more to my dear Mrs. Freeman, but that I am most passionately hers."

Lady Marlborough's influence, combining at this moment with some other occurrences, her husband was placed at the head of the army ; her relative Lord Godolphin obtained the treasurer's staff ; her son-in-law Lord Sunderland, became secretary of state, while the Earls of Rochester, Jersey, and Nottingham, together with Sir Edward Seymour, all staunch Tories, and supporters of high church politics, were dismissed. Lord Cowper too was brought in as chancellor, to strengthen the former party, in the place of Sir Nathan Wright, who had been suffered to hold the seals solely on account of his marked attachment to the established form of faith.

The advocates for hereditary, in opposition to parliamentary, right to the crown, being now in disgrace, immediately turned *patriots*. As there was no longer any hope of getting an *Occasional Conformity* Bill pass, a cry was set up, that the "church was in danger," which led soon after to the dispute about Sacheverell, &c. The queen in her heart was always with the Tories on this point ; but they highly offended her in another. This was a projected invitation to the Princess Sophia of Hanover, who was a Lutheran herself, and consequently a non-conformist, to come over and defend the church ! A motion was made to this effect in the house of peers, by Lord Haversham, and seconded by the Earls of Rochester and Nottingham. That having failed, similar attempts were made in behalf both of the elec-

* Mr. Hervey, made Baron Hervey of Iwerth, in 1703.

toral prince and his father. In this dilemma, Anne addressed the general,* then at the head of her army abroad, in a very interesting letter of which the following is an extract :

“What I have to say upon this subject, at this time, is to beg you will find whether there is any design where you are, that the *young man* should make a visit in the winter, and contrive some way to put any such thought out of their head, that the difficulty may not be brought upon me of refusing him leave to come, if he should ask it ; or forbidding him to come if he should attempt it : for one of these two things I *must do*, if either he or his father should have an desires to have him see this country, it being a thing I cannot bear, to have any successor here, though but for a week : and, therefore, I shall depend upon you to do every thing on the other side of the water to prevent this mortification from coming upon her, that is, and ever will be, most sincerely,

Yours, &c. &c.

July, 22, 1708.

ANNE R.”

The queen was so apprehensive of beholding a successor, that she repaired in person to the house of peers, and was present at the debates upon the invitation, when she actually heard the Duke of Buckingham treat her with something very like personal disrespect ; having urged, as an argument for the measure, “that the queen might live till she did not know what she did, and be like a child in the hands of others.” Anterior to this, her majesty had uniformly leaned towards the Tories ; for in a letter to the favourite, she maintains, “that she can see nothing like persecution in the (Nonconformists) bill.” “As to my saying the church was in some danger in the late reign, I cannot alter my opinion,” adds her majesty, under the signature of “the poor unfortunate, faithful MORLEY ;” “for, though there was no violent thing done, every body that will speak impartially, must own, that every thing was leaning towards the Whigs ; and, whenever that is, I shall think the church beginning to be in danger.”

Her majesty at the same time begs that Mrs. Freeman “would not let difference of opinion hinder them from living together as they used to do.” Four years after, however, the queen seems to have been more ready to agree with her friend ; for, after the Whigs had put a stop to the invitation, she writes as follows :—

“I believe dear Mrs. Freeman and I shall not disagree, as we have formerly done ; for I am sensible of the servicest† those people have done me that you have a good opinion of, and will countenance them, and am thoroughly convinced of the malice and insolence of *them*, that you have always been speaking against.”

* Earl of Marlborough.

† The Whigs.

Mr. Harley was now brought into the ministry, under the auspices of the Marlborough family,* being thought "a very proper person to manage the House of Commons, upon which so much always depends;" but, notwithstanding all this, her majesty's gratitude appears to have been but of short duration; for those sentiments professed by her family, in respect to government, continually recurred; and, in regard to religion, she appears to have been to the full as inexorable as either her father or grandfather, notwithstanding the one lost his kingdom and the other his head, chiefly on this very account.

"The Whigs," says the favourite, "were soon alarmed again by the queen's choice of two high church divines, to fill two vacant bishoprics. Several of them were disposed to think themselves betrayed by the ministry; whereas the truth was, that the queen's inclination to the Tories being now soothed by the flatteries and insinuations of her private counsellors, had begun to make it irksome to her to consult with her ministers on any promotions, either in the church or the state. The first artifice of those counsellors was to instil into the queen notions of the high prerogative of *acting without her ministers*; and, as they expressed it, of being QUEEN INDEED. And the nomination of persons to bishoprics, against the judgment and remonstrances of her majesty, being what they knew her genius would fall in with more readily than with any thing else they could propose, they began with that; and they took care that those remonstrances should be interpreted by the world and resented by herself, as hard usage, a denial of common civility, and even the making her no queen." It was with great difficulty that Lord Marlborough, in the full career of victory, could obtain the divinity-chair at Oxford for Dr. Potter, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Smallbridge, recommended by the Tories, being his competitor.

But, by this time, a rival to the reigning favourite had been recently selected by the queen; this was no other than Mrs. Hill,† a bedchamber-woman, formerly patronized by the Duchess of Marlborough, and influenced by Mr. Harley, her cousin, who made her the first step of the ladder of that ambition, by which he attained the peerage and the premiership. Her majesty now took an active interest in whatsoever concerned this lady; was present at the secret marriage between her and Mr. Masham, afterwards made a general by her; bestowed a fortune on that occasion, from the privy-purse; and conferred a regiment, soon after, on Brigadier Hill, the brother of the new minion. She re-

* The Tories.

† Miss Hill, according to our modern phraseology; the *prefix* of Mrs. being then used, I believe, indifferently to maidens and married women.

paired often to the queen, when the Prince of Denmark was asleep, and kept up a private correspondence between Mr. Harley and her majesty, which soon ended in the utter disgrace of the Whigs, the triumph of the Tories, and the retreat of the Marlborough family.

Mean while her majesty temporised and dissembled. The old favourite had a very powerful party at court; and her husband was maintaining the glory of the English name on the continent, by means of a series of unexampled victories. He was indeed created a duke, and a pension was conferred on him, while a palace was ordered to be erected at the public expense, immediately after the brilliant action at Blenheim; but his influence appears to have diminished in the exact proportion of his public services! The new duchess too was received but coldly at court, and mortified about the setting of the queen's diamonds, on a thanksgiving day for one of her own husband's victories!

Harley indeed was dismissed for a while, on the united representation of the Whig cabinet; but he still visited his relation, Mrs. Masham, at the palace, and by her means regulated the conduct of her majesty. At length she positively refused to communicate with the Duchess of Marlborough but by writing; and the latter could neither by tears or entreaties be prevailed upon to listen to what she had to say.

That her majesty possessed some of the duplicity which has been alledged against Charles I. is very apparent; for at the very time she was about to disgrace the Whigs from power, she charged Mr. Secretary Boyle to assure the foreign courts that their fears on this head were groundless; and she dismissed Lord Godolphin the very day after she had earnestly begged he would continue in her service!

A complaint in parliament, about certain perquisites that the Duke of Marlborough had received when Generalissimo, at length furnished the queen with a popular pretext for his dismissal from all his employments, which was effected by a letter written by her own hand. The duchess attributes both this and her own disgrace to two causes: first, her grace's opposition to the Tories, coupled with her disregard for high-church* notions;

* This lady, who to a beautiful person added a masculine mind, expresses herself as follows: "The word *church* had never any charms for me in the mouths of those who made the most noise with it; for I could not perceive that they gave any other distinguished proof of their regard for the *thing*, than a frequent use of the *word*, like a spell to enchant weak minds, and a persecuting zeal against dissenters, and against those real friends of the church, who would not admit that *persecution* was agreeable to its doctrines. And as to state-affairs, many of these churchmen seemed to me to have no fixed principles at all; having endeavoured, during the last reign, to undermine that very government which they had contributed to establish".

and secondly, her unrelenting inveteracy against Mrs. Masham. Her majesty however acted nobly as to pecuniary matters, and thus gratified one of the leading passions of the ex-favourite. Whatever sums and gratifications she claimed were allowed to be taken from the privy-purse, before its management was resigned to her hated rival, "Mrs. Abigail Hill," now Mrs. Masham; after this the queen gave her a *quietus*, by means of the following document:

Feb. 1, 17 ^{$\frac{10}{11}$}

"I have examined these accounts, and allow of them ANNE R."

Mr. Harley, who had now become Earl at Oxford, at length, in his turn, lost her majesty's favour; and the star of Bolingbroke acquired the ascendant. But the disputes between these rival ministers brought on a fit of the gout in December 1713; and it was not until March following that her majesty could repair to the House of Lords in person.

On the 27th of July, 1714, she dismissed Harley; but from this moment the mind of her majesty was extremely agitated, and being at length exhausted by excessive fatigue, chagrin, and vexation, she sunk gradually into a lethargy; and this last and best of the Stewarts, closed her eyes forever, on Sunday, August 1, 1714, in the fiftieth year of her age, and the thirteenth of her reign.

By means of an act of parliament, which operates silently, but efficaciously, at this very day, queen Anne gave a most convincing proof of her attachment to the church of England; for on the anniversary of her birth-day, in 1704, she presented it with a noble donation, by the surrender of the *first fruits and tenths*, for the better support of the poor clergy.

On the other hand, she cordially detested the church of Rome; for many of the most offensive and cruel acts against the Irish Catholics were passed in her reign, and with her connivance. To the Tories her majesty was alike attached from a love of power, and the early prejudices of education; and she detested the Whigs, partly on account of their love of revolution principles, and partly from their forcing her to part with Sir Charles Hedges, while Secretary of State, at one time, and Harley at another; the domination too of the Duchess of Marlborough, which at length appeared odious and intolerable, rendered her still more averse from a party constantly patronised and protected by this high-spirited dame, until the hour of her death.

The invasion of Scotland by the *Pretender*, as he was then called, for a time soured her disposition against her own family; but nature at length acquired the preponderance, and her majesty

ty would have willingly made her brother her successor had she been able to achieve such a perilous undertaking. To this she was still further induced, in some measure, by her hatred to the house of Hanover, as well as by the intrigues of Bolingbroke, seconded by Mrs. Masham. It will scarcely be believed, that not only he and Oxford, but even Godolphin and Marlborough, kept up a secret correspondence with the court of St. Germaines. Notwithstanding all this, a price was proposed to be set on the head of the Chevalier de St. George, and her majesty actually consented to it, in case he should land in Great Britain or Ireland. It appears, from Macpherson's State Papers*, that he addressed a letter to the queen a little before her death, urging her to do him *justice*; but it is not recorded that any answer was ever received by him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A REMEDY FOR APOPLEXY.

M. SAGE has lately stated in a memoir read to the National Institute at Paris, the efficacy of flour volatile alkali, in cases of severe apoplexy. "For at least 40 years," says he, "I have had opportunities of witnessing the efficacy of volatile alkali, taken internally, as an immediate remedy for the apoplexy, if employed on the first appearance of the disease. One of the keepers of my cabinet, aged 72 years, robust, though thin and very sedate, was seized, while fasting, with an apoplexy. He fell down deprived of sense. When raised up, he had the rattles in his throat; his eyes were closed, his face pallid, and his teeth fixt together. I drew out his under lip so as to answer the purpose of a spout, into which was poured a spoonful of water, containing 25 or 30 drops of flour volatile alkali. At the same time two slips of paper, the edges of which were wetted with volatile alkali, were introduced into his nostrils. The teeth were speedily separated, and the eyes opened. A second dose of alkali was instantly poured down the throat. The rattles ceased; speech and recollection returned. In the course of an hour the patient recovered sufficient to proceed without assistance about 300 paces to his own chamber. In another hour he got up, asked for something to eat, and has since experienced no return of the disorder." He reports another instance in the person of one of his friends, who was a great eater, and was struck with the apoplexy while at table. "The volatile alkali excited a vomiting; and after that had abated, the patient took 20 drops of volatile alkali in half a glass of wine. His senses returned, and in two hours he was able to walk in his garden."

* Vol. 2.

Female Duelling.—The famous duel between two French ladies, occasioned by mutual jealousy of each other, is no longer without a parallel. We must, however, enter our protest against the practice ; for should it become general, the hearts of the rougher sex may be exposed, first to a fatal glance from a love-sick fair, and ultimately to a fatal bullet from an angry one. The following is the story as given in the Newspapers:—"A curious report is in circulation in the fashionable world. Two ladies in high life, having had a dispute at the Prince's fete, a challenge actually ensued, and the parties proceeded to Kensington Gardens, with their female seconds, who took with them a brace of pistols each, in their ridicules. The seconds having charged, by mistake put in the balls first. The Amazons afterwards took their ground, but missed fire, when their difference was adjusted by the interference of their mutual friends."

Flight of Flamingoes.—Bamberg, July 15. On the 25th of last month towards evening, we were witnesses of the passage of a numerous column of foreign birds, of the most splendid plumage. The last rays of the setting sun added still greater brilliancy to their colour, of which the glowing red dazzled the eye. These birds were nearly equal in size to a swan; their necks were much longer than the neck of that bird, which is a bird of passage, in its wild state. It is likely that this was a troop of Flamingoes; of which kind some have lately been seen in the neighbourhood of Strasburgh. Birds of this species, which inhabit the hottest parts of Africa and of South America, have never before been seen so far north. The extraordinary and long continued heat of the present summer, has no doubt been the means of attracting them into our regions.

* * This is a curious fact in natural history. It justifies the opinion that birds may roam over many degrees of latitude in a short space of time ; and that their species may spread into many, and distant countries without difficulty. The instinct by which these Flamingoes were led to seek a congenial temperature in a distant clime, with the cause of their seeking it so far north, deserves the attention of philosophers. There is still much to be learned on the actuating principles of nature, notwithstanding modern discoveries : to this a faithful record of facts, may by accumulation essentially contribute.

Musical Elephant.—At Mentz, there is now exhibited an elephant of surprising intelligence. The musicians of the theatre gave him a concert. The first piece produced a deep sensation ; but a solo on the horn, transported him. He was much agitated, beat time with his trunk, and accompanied the instrument with certain sounds.

Flying.—The art of rising and moving in the air by means of wings, continues to engage the attention of a number of persons in Germany. At Vienna, the watchmaker Degen, aided by a liberal subscription, is occupied in perfecting his discovery. He has recently taken several public flights in the Prater. At Berlin, Claudius, a wealthy manufacturer of oil-cloth, is engaged in like pursuits : he rises in the air without difficulty, and can move in a direct line at the rate of

four miles an hour ; but his wings are unwieldy, and he cannot turn round in them. At Ulm, a taylor named Berblinger, announced on the 24th of April, that he had, after a great sacrifice of money, labour and time, invented a machine in which he would, on the 12th of May, rise in the air and fly twelve miles.

Gentlemen Robbers in consequence of Gaming.—July 23. Lately was discovered at Pesth, a band of thieves of an unusual description ; it was composed of men, by their birth and education, apparently above all suspicion. They took advantage of their ready admission among the fashionables to accomplish their practices. In their possession have been found stores of watches, rings, diamonds, snuff-boxes, false seals, and false papers. One of them was detected by an attempt to sell a pipe ornamented with silver, which was known to belong to a gentleman. They conducted their business in a very orderly manner. They had a treasurer, a book-keeper, &c. and kept a regular account of their receipt and expenses : to the value of about 150,000 florins in effects has been found in their hands. The Jews were the receivers (*Anglicé the fencers*) and buyers of the stolen property. *The fury of gaming had led these criminals into this additional guilt.*

Regulated Banditti.—In all the towns situated on the borders of the great forests of Germany, associations are forming for the apprehension of robbers. It is ascertained that the bands which infest Wetteravia, the Odenwald, and the Spessart, have communication with each other ; and the troop which infests the forest of Thuringia is divided into thirty-two detachments, the lowest of which is computed at sixteen individuals. The booty they have made during the last three years, is computed at a million sterling. Rendered daring by long impunity, these brigands venture into many towns in the open day, and purchase their provisions, without the civil authorities, which they have impressed with the greatest dread, making any attempt to apprehend them. The citizens who enter into the above association, engage by an oath to denounce all who have any private correspondence with these pests of society, and to use every effort to apprehend and bring them to justice.

It is also said that the large bands of robbers noticed in the French and German papers, to stop the communication between Frankfort and the French territories, are said to be formed in considerable bodies of determined warriors, like the Spanish guerillas. They possess a large tract of ground in the Black Forest, and have seized convoys of artillery and ammunition crossing the Rhine, in their march to Poland from France.

Avalanche.—At Villeneuve, in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Geneva. The heavy rain that fell during the preceding month, is supposed to have penetrated a part of the mountain in the vicinity of this town, and detached the summit from its base, as large fissures, three yards in width, were observable two weeks preceding. These appearances warned the inhabitants of their danger, and the most wealthy removed their families and effects ; and the magistrates, persuaded

that the lives of the others were endangered, made such provision for them that they were enabled to follow. A short time evinced the prudence of this measure. On the 14th of June, at mid-day, the atmosphere being remarkably serene and clear, the summit of the Fources, covered with several hundred trees, suddenly gave way; the concussion was so loud, that the report was heard at the distance of eight miles. The ruins occupy the space of one mile and a quarter, including a part of the town of Villeneuve. At Vevay and Noville, the avalanche had all the effects of an earthquake, the houses being rocked, the earthenware broken, and the furniture displaced.

Substitute for Walnut-tree.—The substitute lately discovered for walnut-tree timber, in the making of musket-stocks, is elm prepared, a great quantity of which is now at the Tower, making up; and two muskets, stocked with it, are now before the Board of Ordnance for their inspection. It is said, the elm stocks when thus prepared have double the strength of walnut-trees, and will be a saving to government of 80,000*l.* per annum.

Oliver Cromwell.—Some genuine manuscripts, several of which are in the hand writing of Oliver Cromwell, have been discovered in a chest containing the records of the town of Haverford West.

A gigantic or romantic rat-trap.—The place in which rats harbour being carefully inclosed (says a correspondent,) and only one or two apertures left open, then let a trap-door be fitted to each, with a long string attached to it, so that the doors may be easily shut. It will then be necessary to decoy the animals in great numbers, by feeding and suffering them to feed therein, at stated times undisturbed. If the rat is as partial to anise as the cat is to valerian, this may be used with effect: if there be thousands in the neighbourhood, they may be thus allured to the place of execution, when the trap-doors being closed, it will be impossible for a single rat to escape, and then the most merciful mode of destroying them will be that of suffocation.

Sparrows have been decoyed in the same way, by suffering them to feed in a common stable, to the door of which a string was attached, and the birds imprisoned at pleasure; but as it may be doubted whether it would be wise to reduce the number of these in any great degree, so it is possible that in the economy of nature even the rat may not be made in vain; he may have his use by devouring various substances tending to putridity, and the contamination of the atmosphere, which escape the vigilance of hogs and ducks, and other scavengers of the surface.

French Chymist.—A French chymist lately arrived in London, has astonished our sugar bakers by his peculiar process for refining sugar. He effects in two or three days, what, according to the ordinary process, would occupy as many months. He can even produce the finest sugar from the present refuse of the sugar-house, without using any animal substance.

Two Cities.—M. Gropius, a native of Westphalia, has lately written from Athens, relative to the ruins of two cities recently discovered in Asia Minor. He resided during the last five years in Greece, where he has been constantly occupied in researches amidst its ruins.

Bees.—To take the honey from a common basket hive, without destroying the bees, it is recommended to place a new hive close to the old one, then, excepting the usual place of going in and out, to shut up carefully every other crevice through which they could find a passage. But at the same time a proper door or opening must be left in the new basket to admit of the colony following their usual occupations. When the old store-house has been filled, the little animals will begin to work in the new one; then some offensive matter should be immediately introduced into their old house, for the purpose of dislodging them completely—putrid meat, or the carcasses of three or four dead mice, or any thing that has a disagreeable smell, put in at the top, will soon cause them to do this and remove to the new one.

Count Rumford.—Count Rumford has invented what he calls a *polyflame* lamp, consisting of a number of burners, with wicks flat like a ribband, and so placed at the side of each other, that the air can pass between them, at the same time that they are duly supplied with oil. These flat wicks covered with a large glass which rose several inches above the flame, yielded as much light as forty candles. Count Rumford though willing to give every possible information in his power, to any person willing to construct such lamps, acknowledges that his apparatus may be still capable of further improvement.

Croup and Hooping-cough.—A prize of 12,000 francs being offered in 1807, to that physician who should produce the best memoir on the croup, &c.; eighty-three memoirs have been received, among them two have shared the prize, being of equal merit; three are distinguished as extremely honourable to their authors; and the sixth memoir is marked by the proposal of a remedy. It is *liver of sulphur, alcalized*, a sulphur of pot-ash, recently prepared, and brownish. It is usually mixed with honey. The dose, from the attack of the croup to the decided diminution of the disorder, is ten grains morning and evening, to be diminished as the disorder abates; and towards the close, the morning dose only to be given.—The mixture of sulphur and honey to be made at the moment of using. Young children will suck it off the end of a finger; but it may be given in a spoonful of milk, or of syrup thinned with water; or as a bolus; grown children take it best in this form; it usually relieves in two days, but it must be continued some time after the cure for fear of a relapse.—The lips and the anterior of the mouth are whitened by the liver of sulphur, and it imparts a warmth to the stomach as it arrives there.—The first dose most commonly occasions a vomit of a viscid or concrete matter, to which the sulphur gives a greenish tint. Infants at the breast may continue their customary nourishment.—This medicine is also recommended in pulmonary catarrhs, and other affections of that class, for the purpose of obtaining further information of its effects.

POETRY.

The following, by Mr. Montgomery, upon the loss of the Blenheim, contains some of the finest ballad poetry in our language.

'A VESSEL sailed from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound ;
Its crest a hero's pennant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd
In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night,
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And NELSON o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare ;
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow,
In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unutterable fate ;
—That story would the muse relate,
The song might rise in vain ;
In Ocean's deepest, darkest bed
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
Their sails were never furl'd ;
Never on known or friendly land,
By storms their keel was hurl'd ;
Their native soil no more they trod ;
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod ;
Throughout the living world,
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake ;
When these the voice of Rumour hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache ;
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
The Hope that keeps alive Despair.'

THE VOYAGE OF LOVE AND TIME.

DESTIN'D with restless foot to roam,
 Old TIME, a venerable sage,
 Reaches a river's brink, and "Come,"
 He cries, "have pity on my age.
 What on these banks forgotten, I
 Who mark each moment with my glass,
 Hear, damsels, hear my suppliant cry,
 And courteously help TIME to pass."

Disporting on the further shore,
 Full many a gentle Nymph look'd on,
 And fain, to speed his passage o'er,
 Bade Love, their boatman, fetch the Crone:
 But one of all the groupe most staid,
 Still warn'd her venturous mates: "Alas,
 How oft has shipwreck whelm'd the maid
 Whose pity would help TIME to pass."

Lightly his boat across the stream
 LOVE guides, his hoary freight receives,
 And fluttering 'mid the sunny gleam,
 His canvas to the breezes gives;
 And plying light his little oars,
 In treble now, and now in bass,
 "See, girls," the enraptured Urchin roars,
 "How gaily LOVE makes TIME to pass."

But soon, 'tis LOVE's proverbial crime,
 Exhausted he his oars let fall;
 And soon these oars are seiz'd by TIME,
 And heard ye not the rallier's call?
 "What, tir'd so soon of thy sweet toil?
 Poor child! thou sleepest: I, alas!
 In graver strain repeat the while
 My song: 'tis TIME makes LOVE to pass."

 BALLADS.

FROM A CURIOUS OLD COLLECTION.

The Despairing Lover's Complaint for Celia's Unkindness.

FORGIVE me if your looks I thought
 did once some change discover,
 To be too jealous is a fault
 of every tender lover.
 My looks those kind reproaches show
 which you blame so severely,
 A sign, Alas! you little know
 what 'tis to love sincerely.

The torments of a long despair
 I did in silence smother,
 But 'tis a pain I cannot bear
 to think you love another.
 My fate alone depends on you,
 I am but what you make me,
 Divinely blest if you prove true,
 undone if you forsake me.

There is no one but only you,
 that I do thus admire,
 And dearest Celia there's but few
 whose love is so entire.
 Then cease, Oh! cease your cruelty
 and prove but kind unto me,
 O do not, do not torture me,
 for fear you quite undo me.

What is the reason, cruel maid,
 that you do thus deceive me,
 When oftentimes you promised
 that you would never leave me?
 You love to hear me thus complain,
 and thus to see me languish,
 You glory, glory in my pain
 and triumph in my anguish.

Forgive me if I you accuse
 for loving of another,
 I think I do not you abuse
 since that I do discover
 Your cruelty to me of late
 when I for love implore ye,
 Be kind or cruel, 'tis my fate
 that I must still adore ye.

But if you any mercy have,
 come quickly and relieve me,
 O do not, do not dig my grave,
 But now from death reprieve me.
 My life or death depends on you,
 then do not wretched make me,
 For I shall live if you prove true,
 But die if you forsake me.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Poems.—By M. G. Lewis, Esq.

Oriental Customs, or an Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, by an explanatory Application of the customs and manners of the Eastern nations; and especially the Jews, therein alluded to. Collected from the most celebrated Travellers, and the most eminent critics. By the Rev. Samuel Burden, A. M. of Clare Hall, Cambridge; Lecturer of the United Parishes of Christ Church, Newgate-street, and St. Leonard, Foster-lane. 2 vols. 8vo.

Temper; or, Domestic Scenes, a Tale; in 3 vols, 12mo. By Mrs. Opie.

Biographical memoirs of Adam Smith, L. L. D.—of William Robertson, L. L. D. and of Thomas Reid, L. L. D. collected in 1 vol. with additional notes. By Dugald Stewart, Esq.

The Life of R. Cumberland. By William Mudford.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Joseph Delaplaine, Philadelphia,

The first number of the Emporium of Arts and Sciences, conducted by John Redman Coxe, M. D. Professor of Chymistry in the University of Pennsylvania, for May, containing four elegant engravings.

By Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia,

A selection from Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms. By Lindley Murray, author of an English Grammar, &c. &c.

Also—Soldier's Orphan, a new Novel.

Also—Banks of Wye, a poem, in four books, by Robert Bloomfield, author of the Farmer's Boy.

Also—The 5th vol. of the American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States. Illustrated with plates, engraved and coloured from original drawings taken from nature By Alexander Wilson.

By D. Fenton, Trenton,

The first Drills, of Elementary Principles of Military Exercise. Adapted to the modern system of Tactics. Intended for the use of the uniformed militia corps of the United States; and founded on the principles of common sense and natural analysis. By John Hollinshead, Lieut. in the U. S. Reg. of Light Dragoons.

By Moses Thomas, Philadelphia,

Memoirs of Charles J. Fox. By John Bernard Trotter. 1 vol. 8vo.

Also—Kelroy: a Novel. By a Lady of Pennsylvania.

And—A new Song Book.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

In 3 volumes, Tales of the East. By Henry Weber, Esq. These volumes will contain upwards of 1000 stories, and comprise besides original translations, the whole of the Arabian, Persian, Turkish, Mogul, Tartarian, and Chinese Tales, which are entitled to find a place in this collection.

Hector Macneil, Esq. author of William and Jane, will publish in a few days, the Scottish Adventurers, or, The Way to Rise, an Historical Tale.

The complete works of Peter Pindar, in 5 vols.

Mrs. West is preparing for publication a new Novel, on the subject of the civil wars in the 17th century.

Travels in Albania, Roumelia, and other provinces of Turkey, in 1809 and 1810. By J. C. Hobhouse.

The entire works of Aristotle, by Thomas Taylor, Esq.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

An Apology for the Life of James Fennell, written by himself.

By Thomas J. Rogers, Easton, Penn.

By subscription—A new American Biographical Dictionary, or A Remembrancer of the departed Heroes and Statesmen of America. To be confined exclusively to those who signalized themselves in either capacity, in the revolutionary war, which obtained the independence of their country. Compiled from the best publications.

In one large octavo volume, Memoirs of the Life of David Rittenhouse, L. L. D. F. R. S. President of the American Philosophical Society Philadelphia, &c. &c. &c. Interspersed with various notices of many distinguished men, and remarks on some public institutions and measures connected with the main object of the work. With an Appendix, containing sundry philosophical and other papers, the most of which have been hitherto unpublished. By Wm. Barton, M. A. Counsellor at Law, of Lancaster, Pa.

By D. Allinson, Burlington, and D. Fenton, Trenton,

A Treatise on the Jurisdiction and Proceedings of Justices of the Peace, in Civil Suits in New-Jersey, with an Appendix. By William Griffith, Esquire, Counsellor at Law.

By D. Fenton, Trenton,

Lectures on Moral and Political Philosophy. By the Rev. S. S. Smith, D. D. L. L. D.

By Whiting and Watson, New York,

Memoirs of the Rev. John Rogers, D. D. By Samuel Miller, D. D.

